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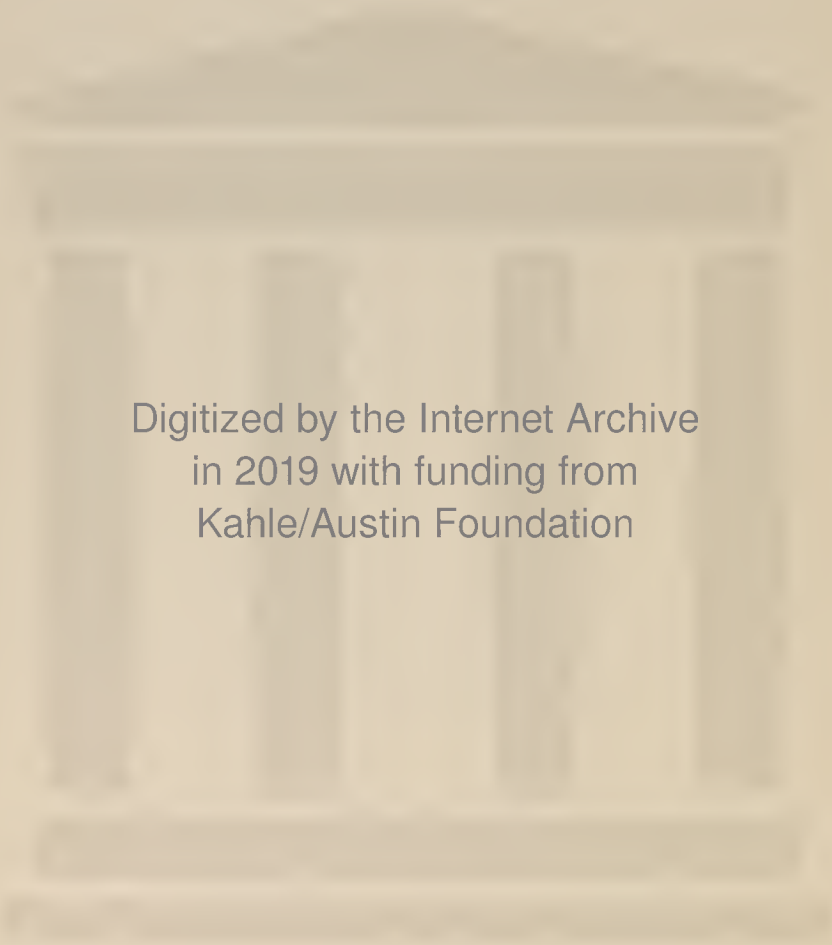

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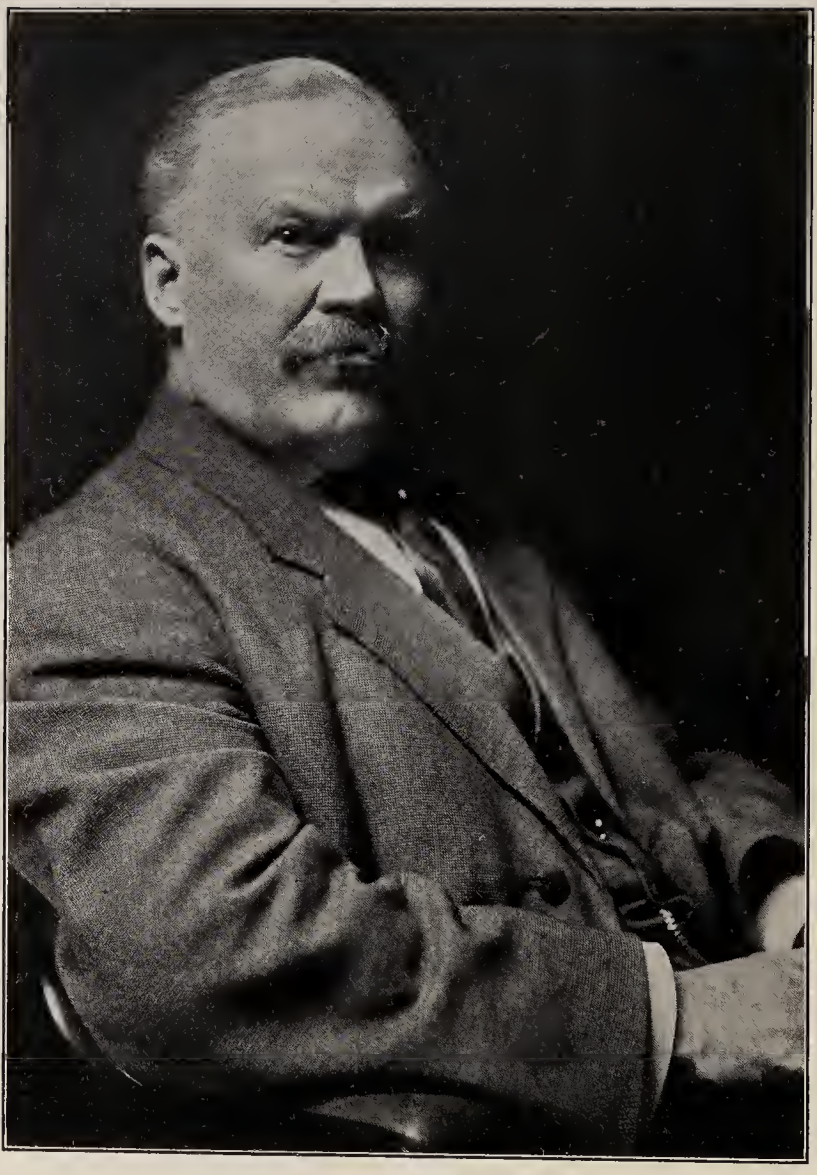
MEMORIES OF
GEORGE WARBURTON



George A. Warburton.

MEMORIES OF GEORGE WARBURTON

BY

WARD ADAIR

Author of "The Lure of the Iron Trail," "Vital Messages in Modern Books," "Men of Steel," etc.

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". . . . for, indeed, he seems
Scarce other than my own ideal knight;
Who reverenced his conscience as his king,
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it,
Who honored his own word as if his God's."

DEDICATED TO

Louise Johnson Warburton

THE WIFE OF WHOM HE WAS ALWAYS SO PROUD,

George Robert Warburton

HIS FIRSTBORN SON AND FELLOW SPORTSMAN,

William Crofton Warburton

HIS SECOND SON AND BUSINESS CONFIDANT,

AND

Ethel Warburton Miller

HIS LOYAL AND DEVOTED DAUGHTER.

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FOREWORD

George Warburton was a very joyful man. This does not mean that he was one of those glossy, tiresome, superficial people who deny or ignore the reality of evil, pain, and sorrow in the world. He had too much common sense to take that easy way of apparent escape from the facts of life. His boyhood in his father's blacksmith shop, his manhood of hard work in the service of the Young Men's Christian Association, made him a real realist and kept him out of the Pollyanna School of pink ribbons. But through all and spite of everything, he was distinctly a man of joy.

There were three reasons for this. First, his natural temperament was a happy one, such as Browning describes in his poem:

> "I find earth not gray, but rosy,
> Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
> Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
> Do I stand and stare? All's blue."

For this, of course, he deserved no credit; it was simply his good fortune.

Second, he made no extravagant personal demands on life. He enjoyed small daily-bread-mercies, and very simple pleasures like camping out and angling and music. For this, of course, he deserved a good deal of credit in an age when luxury is regarded as a necessity and everybody demands cake with icing on it. It requires purpose and effort to be moderate, and willing to be pleased.

But the third reason is the most important. He was enlightened to see that the heart of Christ's religion is righteousness and peace and *joy* in the Holy Spirit. Christianity is not sad news, but glad tidings to all people,—a truth which the church has half forgotten. But Warburton felt it in soul and body, and spread this happy faith by his words and works. This was what gave him his remarkable influence upon men. "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." When the whole church regains this truth and puts it into her worship and preaching, her power will be restored through joy. Real salvation is a happy experience.

My first acquaintance with Warburton began in New York at the Presbyterian General

Assembly of 1902, where he jollied me and helped me. Our close friendship was formed on a trip to Newfoundland in July, 1912. The main object of the journey was to open and dedicate Grenfell's Seamen's Institute at St. John's. That was our vocation. Our avocation, our side-show, was a little tenting and fishing along the Humber River. There were not many fish; but the fishing was fine. Warburton was the life of the camp. I can still hear his voice, joining with Macdonald's, as they tuned up one of their favorite old hymns, and outsang the roar of the big falls where the salmon were leaping up through the foam.

It is fortunate that this book of "Memories" is written by one of like spirit, who was Warburton's comrade, not only in his work, but also in his play. I should think all Y.M.C.A. men, and many others, would enjoy reading it.

HENRY VAN DYKE

MEMORIES OF
GEORGE WARBURTON

Chapter I

VIEWPOINT

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
. . . . . .
Haply I think on Thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings Hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Shakespeare, Sonnet XXIX.

The limitations of this book, apart from literary limitations, are quite accurately indicated in the title. It is not a biography, in the strict sense of the term, it is a cluster of memories. It has reference, in the main, to "a great soul that refused to be classified or standardized," —to quote the apt description of one of his contemporaries. But since he was a man in the world of men, it has not appeared prac-

ticable to reveal him except in the company of his friends.

He was no solitary figure standing alone on some inaccessible mountain peak. He was a man whose house was by the side of the road, and whose capacity for human friendship constituted one of his chief charms.

These sketches lay no claim to being either impartial or analytical. One of my angling acquaintances, who is given to epigram, said to me on one occasion, "My friends have no faults." This remark epitomizes the viewpoint of the author as he undertakes his labor of love. The ambition I have had has been to hold up the mirror to the real George Warburton, and faithfully to reveal him in some of the best known phases of his many-sided life. Just as the photographer poses, in many different positions, some one of whom he is especially fond, so it has been pleasant for me to make these little cameos of my friend in those more familiar attitudes in which so many of us knew him.

His was a rare and radiant life! Analysis would spoil the telling of it, and as for being impartial or judicial, I frankly confess that my heart is too much involved to admit of any

studied appraisal. And, if such a viewpoint were possible for me, I should most certainly fail of my task, for his was a character so out of the ordinary that it would be both unseemly and inept to treat it as one might conduct a chemical experiment. The musicians have coined the expression, "the total worth." It is a good phrase, and it comes near to expressing the thing that I have kept steadily in mind in the preparation of these memoirs.

He lived an achieving life, and the output of his career is of vast and abiding value in the service of mankind, but the most beautiful thing he built was his exceptional character. The mossy fingers of Nature reduce our achievements in brick and stone back to their elemental dust, but character is imperishable. The author's hope is that, in some small measure, he has succeeded in reflecting with reasonable accuracy some of those fine masculine traits that made George Warburton one of the most lovable, as well as one of the most loved men of his generation.

Chapter II

VISION

Earth's crammed with Heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes.
The rest sit 'round it and pluck blackberries.

E. B. Browning, "Aurora Leigh."

One of the most striking characteristics of life-affecting visions is the element of surprise. Those to whom the revealing experiences came were not expecting anything out of the ordinary to happen. Then, like a bolt from the ethereal blue, their vision was upon them and, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole current of life was changed. The world was never the same place afterwards. No theme that is treated in The Book of The Ages is more fascinating than this. The perfect naturalness with which those vital snatches of biography are given to us, indicates that this supreme experience was remarkably uniform in the lives of those ancients who were chosen to places of leadership in the economy of God.

A bush burns in the pathway, a sword glitters in the moonlight, a patriarch wrestles on the plain, a Shekinah glory fills the temple, and ordinary men at once become extraordinary. Old things pass away, and behold all things become new. Shepherds, herdsmen, and humble artisans fade off the canvas, and commanders, philosophers, lawgivers, princes and prophets emerge. Limitations and shackles fall off, and great souls are freed for Kingdom leadership.

Time would fail us to tell of the long list of immortals, straight on down through the Sacred Story, who, at some pivotal moment, experienced the vision of God, the humbling of their own spirits, the new life commission, and the multiplied fruitfulness. The accounts are so uniform, yet so startling, that one trembles a bit for the man who starts out on a distinctively spiritual enterprise with the confession on his lips, "I have never had any outstanding religious experience."

The country village has always had certain central points of interest for those gentle folk who, free from the complexities of city life, have been content to live where life began. The aromatic "general store," around whose

ruddy stove the erudite philosophers gathered in the evening, has been memorialized by many gifted writers. The village church, the religious and social center of the countryside, has also loomed large in the literature of the rural districts. It was left to one American poet fittingly to immortalize a yet more interesting place, in many respects, the village blacksmith shop.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

* * *

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

What country lad ever lived whose imagination has not been gripped and held by the creak of the bellows, the sparks from the forge, the hot horseshoe immersed in the gurgling water, the paring of the hoof, and then the major operation of fitting the shoe faultlessly to the patient animal's foot? Where is the countrybred youth who has not toed the line on the pitching plot outside of the shop and prayed for "a ringer" when the score was close and the horseshoe game exciting?

George Warburton was the son of the village blacksmith in the goodly village of Brockport, New York. His manly love for his father made possible the establishment of a comradeship such as is most frequently seen between intimates of the same age.

He idolized his mother, and those who had the good fortune to know her, declare that his devotion was more than justified. "My little brown-eyed mother," was his favorite refer-

ence to her, and among his poems there are several that were addressed directly to her. One of the great joys that came to him was to have his father and mother both with him for more than a year of their later life, at beautiful "Sunnytop" in Tarrytown. Those who had the pleasure of coming in personal contact with his parents during that time, felt that he had a priceless heritage in his ancestry.

In his early teens he despised school to the point of open rebellion, but he loved the murky environment of the old blacksmith shop. He would swing the heavy sledge for his father without complaint, and would enter with keenest interest into the more skilled realms of the mechanic's art. He would labor long and willingly at whatever task came to his hand, on the sole and only condition that he was not to be asked to darken the door of the schoolhouse.

To me, the miracle of his education has always been one of the remarkable things about him, for he lived and died an educated man, holding the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Hamilton College, and he was sought by cities far and near as a speaker before the most cultured audiences. In my quarter of a

century acquaintance with him, I can never recall hearing him make a grammatical error. He knew books of the best quality as few men of my acquaintance have known them, and he loved the finest poetry with a passion that only the great of soul ever reveal.

It is by no means uncommon in the history of mankind to find the phenomenon of spiritual regeneration succeeded almost immediately by a mental rebirth. For it follows, in perfectly natural order, that if the great awakening has come to the spiritual faculty, a man will be so dissatisfied with himself that slumbering ambitions in every phase of life will be suddenly aroused. This probably accounts for the fact that in such books as "Twice-Born Men," and "Varieties of Religious Experience," the startling stories include not only recitals of regeneration in the spiritual realm, but of outreach after a new type of existence, mental, social, and material.

Thus, it came about that on that happy day when our friend found the Saviour, his eyes were opened to the mistake he had made in neglecting his education. Now he began to bend every effort in an assiduous search for knowledge. The Apostle Paul speaks of "re-

deeming the time." If ever a man bought back the wasted school days, he did it and more. In the next few years he acquired more education than the schools could have given him earlier in life in twice that time. Moreover, he formed the habit of study, and not until he laid down the armor did his incessant struggle after education cease.

All of this came about by the same transforming process, by the same spiritual visitation, that came to those earlier heroes of the faith. In early youth the blacksmith's son was deeply and genuinely converted, and that supreme experience became the motivating factor of life, and accounted, with inexorable logic, for everything that followed. Thousands of us, who have heard his moving addresses, will instantly recall the glow of his countenance whenever he reverted to the recital of his early religious experience.

Deeply as he loved all of the major poets, his favorite among them was Wordsworth. We, who have followed the wilderness trails with him, will never forget how he would strike a dramatic attitude and declaim "The Daffodils."

Perhaps the secret of his unusual affection

for Wordsworth was embodied in the penetrating analysis of another English poet, William Watson, who was appraising the power of the great, major singers of the British Empire. He speaks of Byron's "tempest anger, tempest mirth," of Shelley's "boundless, cloudless human view," of Shakespeare's dramatic power, and finally, he arrives at Wordsworth. He sums up his genius in this highly interpretative line:

> He had for weary feet the gift of rest.

It was this element, I think, that was at the bottom of our friend's open enthusiasm for his favorite poet. Wordsworth could take him out to the fields and the mountains and afford him that peculiar refreshment of soul which is so essential at times to the out-of-door man.

But it is to another fragment of Wordsworth that this chapter is more intimately related. He is speaking, in the "Ode," of the youth who "daily travels farther from the East" as he emerges from his childhood conceptions into the broad light of day, and in describing this stage of his development, he mentions that kindly light that falls upon his path.

> And by the vision splendid,
> Is on his way attended.

It was the coming of the vision splendid that changed the whole current of life for our friend, and led him out into that ampler existence in which he was destined to wield such a remarkable influence upon his fellow men, and as he was "on his way attended," new possibilities of life began to unfold before him in ways of which he had never dreamed.

That rare gift of utterance, which in after life was to charm hundreds of thousands of appreciative listeners, began to manifest itself almost at once. It was a day of great religious interest in the central states. The effect of the famous "Western Revivals" was still everywhere in evidence. The evangelistic note was the dominant one in the message of the Church. That fine institution of Methodism, "The Class Meeting," which has been instrumental in bringing out the talents of so many young men and women, gave young Warburton a priceless opportunity. He was heard with such appreciation and benefit by his fellow church members that while still in his teens he was encouraged to enter a class for the training of local preachers.

Writing of those interesting days, he said: "We worked together, I learning the trade. My father opened a shop of his own. We ironed wagons and shod horses, and read Moody's sermons between the heats. I left the shop for the pulpit. I had never seen a grammar, didn't know a noun from a preposition, but loved Christ, men and the Bible, and had experienced religion. I was lazy then, have always been, am yet, but somehow I can do a lot in a spasm of activity. My education has come from reading diligently, absorbing from others—what friends I have had! and expressing freely, constantly, and with as much grace as possible, whatever I have come to know."

Coincident with the transition from the anvil to the pulpit, we hear of him as "the boy preacher of Central New York," where the power of his message occasioned general comment. He spoke both in churches and in the open air, and that persuasive fervor which his hearers later came to know so well, was a feature of his message even in those early days.

What wonder that life began to take on a new meaning and to reveal possibilities hitherto unknown? The fame of the young man be-

gan to get beyond the boundaries of his rural life.

It was at this time that the leaders of the Y. M. C. A. heard of him and sent an emissary to look him up. The report of the investigator was not only favorable but enthusiastic. The young man was sent for and the opportunity for life service in the Association was earnestly laid upon his mind. His response was eager, and friends made the necessary arrangements to send him to Newburgh for coaching under the famous Jacob Bowne, who, in those primitive days of work for young men, had devised an original training course which was the forerunner of the three Association colleges now in existence. His mentor took him under his friendly care, releasing upon him that same fine influence which he bestowed on others of his charges who later became famous in the Association brotherhood.

The vision splendid was now glowing with constantly increasing light, and the horizons of the young man were broadening daily. In a few months he was called to the General Secretaryship at Watertown, where his work attracted such attention that after a term of service that was all too short, he was sought for

Warburton, the Boy Preacher.

the larger responsibilities of the General Secretaryship at Syracuse. The apostles of old "tarried at Syracuse" only for three days, but Warburton tarried for nearly three years, giving such conspicuous leadership that when Cornelius Vanderbilt was seeking a secretary for the infant Railroad Association movement in New York, he overlooked the extreme youthfulness of the Syracuse Secretary, who had just attained the age of twenty-five, and unhesitatingly placed him in charge of the rapidly growing movement in New York.

Vision is a quality that is governed by unfailing laws. Disobedience to it is followed by arrested development and immediate retrogression. Those who see the light and refuse to follow make shipwreck of the faith.

On the other hand, the chief of all the apostles, enunciated this great principle: "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." The result of his implicit obedience was that his life became a succession of heavenly visions unfolding rapidly, one after another, until he was "caught up into the third Heaven and heard unspeakable words, not lawful for man to utter."

It was this inspiring example that swayed

the life of George Warburton, and was the secret of his spiritual growth. He never got beyond the place where he prayed with implicit faith, that the kindly light might lead him on. And when the light appeared, he followed its friendly rays with willing and obedient feet.

Just at the close of that classic on vision, Tennyson's beautiful idyl, "The Holy Grail," there occurs a notable utterance of King Arthur which might well guide the policies of men engaged in Christian work:

> The king is as the hind
> To whom is given a space of land to plow;
> Who will not wander from the allotted field
> Until his work be done. But being done,
> Let visions of the night or of the day
> Come as they will.

It was the quality of spiritual vision, and his well trained faculty of perception, that guided our friend in all his life decisions, that made it possible for him to discover and establish new lines of service to his generation, and that lighted up his pathway until he "went on and vanished into light."

Chapter III

PIONEER

One who never turned his back, but marched breast
forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, tho' right were worsted, wrong would
triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

Browning, Epilogue to "Asolando."

Supper had been disposed of, and our little angling party sat around the open fire in the old ramshackle hotel at Katahdin Iron Works, Maine. We had come to that highly interesting time of the evening when the next day's expedition was being planned.

"How about Lost Pond?" asked Warburton, with a challenging twinkle in his eye.

We knew of that fabled spot as a place to which few angling parties penetrated, because of the thirteen miles of execrable walking that had to be negotiated, as well as the later hardships of fishing from two old water-logged

rafts which were half floating and half submarine. But we knew also of the beautiful bronze-colored trout that inhabited those waters, and that they jumped crazy for the fly when they were in the mood.

"It's a killing trip," Troch reminded us.

"Come on, we're good for it," protested Sanborn, who was more than ten years the senior of the next oldest man in the party.

"Let's talk to Welch, then," suggested Pearsall, for we knew that Welch was the one and only guide who could follow that blind trail to the angler's paradise.

To the man who has matched his own strength against the forces of Nature, hardship is always a challenge. As Donald Hankey says in his remarkable book on the war, "We do not endure hardships, we deride them." This is the only known way to make a heavy pack seem light.

The plans were soon made, and we set forth with cheerful hearts the following day, Welch leading the line of march, and our party of five stringing out in Indian file behind him. The first eight miles were not particularly difficult for seasoned woodsmen, although burned timber, lying breast-high, furnished hurdles

enough for that part of the journey, but then came the blazed trail, lying straight up over Saddleback Mountain, from the summit of which we were supposed to drop down directly upon Bumps' camp, in the heart of the virgin forest.

Bumps was a "gummer," a trade little known to the city dweller. His outfit consisted of a long pole with a broad, flat knife fitted at the end, and a little pouch-shaped pocket immediately beneath it. The sharp knife scraped the spruce gum off the tall trees, and it fell into his pouch and constituted the fruitage of his toil. As a basis of operation, he had built a little log cabin far in the wilderness. He was now absent, marketing his treasure, and as the black rain-clouds were hanging over the mountain, we set our faces firmly toward the one place that could afford us shelter for the night.

Daylight was fast fading, and the old trail was dim enough even at noonday. It required the utmost vigilance to follow. We stretched out our line, always keeping near to one or two of the blazed trees, while Welch went ahead until he found the next one, and the file advanced.

The rain was falling in sheets when we at

last reached the door of the little cabin, started a fire in the old stove, and felt the rude comfort of being inside, while the storm beat savagely upon the roof and the windows.

We "bedded down" for the night in the hard bunks, sparsely filled with spruce boughs, and were joyous when the morning broke bright and beautiful and we realized that only two miles farther on lay the lake of our dreams. The tales of it had not been exaggerated. Standing knee-deep on the two old rafts, we had a day of fishing such as one occasionally reads about but seldom experiences, and we returned to our log cabin late that evening, with every man bearing a creel full of beautiful dressed trout. When we carried our spoil into the hotel the following evening, we received an ovation from the hungry guests, who enthusiastically welcomed brook trout when caught by others, but who seldom fared forth to catch any for themselves.

That blazed trail over Saddleback Mountain, hacked long ago by some unknown woodsman, who had first penetrated that portion of the wilderness, has always seemed to me to be an apt picture of the professional career of my angling companion and predecessor in office.

While still in his early twenties, he was figuratively traveling through an uncharted country, with his axe in hand, blazing the trail for that generation of fellow craftsmen who were destined to follow where he had so wisely and bravely led. Neither the mountain of difficulty nor the impenetrable thicket of opposition stayed him from his task. The spirit of adventure, which dominated him in his outdoor life, became a mighty asset to him in his indoor labors.

One quality for which the great movement for men to which he gave his life will always bid high is adventurous leadership that is balanced by common sense. To be a good copyist is something, of course, but relatively small men may attain proficiency in imitation. It is the man of inventive mind who can analyze a need, and originate a way of meeting it, who continually places his contemporaries in his debt. The art of original thinking is all too rare. Leadership has always inhered in that relatively small circle of men who combined the qualities of the diagnostician and the practitioner—the ability to analyze, and also to provide the remedy.

Warburton was a man of this type. "Old

361" his first building bore eloquent testimony to his twofold ability—to see and to provide. We know of no more accurate measuring rule by which a young Association secretary may test his ability than this. If he is merely able to do the bidding of some other man, or half blindly to follow the lines of activity that another has originated, his leadership is not only unproven, but of doubtful quality. The Association of the future will be led by men who can discern its needs afar off, and plan, with statesmanlike effectiveness, for meeting those needs in adequate fashion.

For the benefit of those who may not be entirely familiar with the operation of a modern Railroad Y. M. C. A. building, it might be explained that such a plant incorporates most of the features of a club-hotel, in addition to which the stranger guest finds an atmosphere of friendship and of Christian service that gives tone to the entire place. Emphasis is laid on the creature comforts which the tired knight of the rail has learned to appreciate. Cozy little bedrooms furnished with the best of everything, and available for use both day and night, the modern restaurant with generous portions, good cooking and low prices, an abundance of

wash rooms and shower baths, facilities for such sports as bowling, handball, volley ball, billiards, pocket billiards, and the more sedentary games of checkers, chess and dominoes, a well appointed library with good books and the current periodicals, commodious social rooms, where the men may sit and chat and smoke—in fact all of those features which supplement the railroad man's home, and provide him another home at the far end of the run, are the elements that go into the construction and program of a modern Railroad Association building.

The pioneer in practically every one of these activities was Warburton. In those days in the early eighties, he was carefully noting the needs of men away from home, and when the Railroad Men's Building was given by Cornelius Vanderbilt, definite beginnings were made toward providing for the railroad man's physical necessities as well as for his spiritual welfare.

Here it was that, in a little room up under the roof, the first Railroad Y. M. C. A. lunch counter was established, and that prince of black men, George Arnold, a deacon in his

church and an exemplary Christian, was placed in charge.

One of the features that furnished great amusement both to the men themselves and to strangers visiting the lunch room, was the ingenious system of fines which this czar of the culinary department had worked out for the punishment and correction of his tormentors. The combination cook and waiter could affect great seriousness when the hecklers began their comments, and when they presented their tickets he would gravely remark, "Ah fines you three cents apiece foh misconduct." Then with his penetrating eye looking into their very souls, he would punch out the additional amounts.

It was a well-known fact, to his discerning patrons, that behind his congealing austerity there lived as keen a sense of humor as any man possessed, and it was also known that when he retired from the public gaze, to his refuge behind the coffee urns, he had really gone to pour out the soul of him in laughter, which he did not dare to allow his customers to see, for fear of a general collapse of discipline.

The writer, in preparing an historical sketch

some years ago, took occasion to interview George Arnold in respect to some of his early experiences.

"You were a real pioneer, then, weren't you, George?" I remarked at the conclusion of the interview.

"Yassuh," assented George, somewhat doubtfully, "but pie wasn't the onliest good thing what we served, suh. Our roast beef sandwiches was very populah, too, suh."

How the little lunch room expanded into the well appointed restaurant of later days, and how the feature of providing wholesome food in these buildings became a part of the standard program, is a familiar story to most of those who will read these pages. The part of the story which they may not know is that it was George Warburton who blazed the trail, in the day of beginnings, when his fertile mind and sympathetic heart led him to strike out into uncharted territory, in order that he might adequately meet the needs of the railroad men in a great terminal.

In the years that have followed, the common sense features which he devised for the service of the men have proven the entering wedge for the establishment of the Railroad Association

work on many of the leading systems of the country. For while not unmindful of the spiritual needs of their men, there were many among the leading officials who did not feel that they could appropriate corporate funds for this purpose alone, but when told the story of a bountiful meal for a hungry man, of a quiet little room, with a comfortable bed and clean linen, the combination recently described by a prominent transportation authority as "The greatest agency for railroad morale that has ever been discovered," these high railroad officers made immediate and generous response.

"When you talk about the care of our men away from home," said one of them, "you are talking a language that we can understand. We cannot escape responsibility for that, and it is no trouble to justify the appropriation of railroad funds when they are expended to make our men more fit for duty."

It took unusual sagacity to discover and appraise these welfare features at their true value in the days of beginnings. The inclination of that time was strongly toward preaching and teaching, and the Christian worker who could also reveal sympathies broad enough to in-

clude hotel features, games, gymnasiums, bowling alleys, libraries, saving funds, first aid to the injured, and kindred activities, was rare, indeed.

It is significant that the Railroad Building and Loan Association, now the largest institution of its kind in the Empire State, was organized in the Railroad Y. M. C. A. building, in those early days, and that Mr. Warburton was its first president. Quite fittingly, this organization was among the many who recorded tributes of appreciation and affection upon their minutes at the time of his passing.

It may be doubted whether in his constant exploration of the untraveled territory, Warburton had any adequate idea of the influence that New York was destined to have upon the whole Railroad Association Movement. His gaze, quite properly, was focused upon his own field, and his task was to provide for the comfort, happiness, and above all, the spiritual well-being of his members. The fact remains that in working out the details of his vision, he made a nation-wide contribution to a movement that has since become known as "the greatest working man's club in the world," a

contribution that has been chiefly responsible for its growth and success.

The spirit of exploration was strong within him. The charm of the old paths always allured him, yet there was ever the longing to see what lay beyond. It is significant that just before his death, we were planning to go to Labrador on a salmon fishing trip, largely because of an ambition to push a little farther into the wilderness than the white man had often done before. To be sure, he was in the late sixties, but that was no deterrent. The idea of the trip originated in his mind, and he it was who planned most of the details. It was Warburton, the trail blazer, still animated by those strong masculine desires for conquest that fired his early youth.

One of the bits which he always wanted me to read aloud, on the eve of a wilderness journey, was that matchless outdoor poem of Kipling's, "The Feet of The Young Men." His face would light up with boyish enthusiasm and a faraway look as he heard the opening words:

Now the Four-Way Lodge is open, now the Hunting
Winds are loose—
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to cheer the brain;

Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues,
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!

* * *

Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight!

Fascinating as the work of the pioneer is, in its countless phases, there is no work more enthralling than pioneering in the realm of the soul. Warburton never looked upon the features and activities which he invented for the comfort and entertainment of the railroad men as an end in themselves. He was too much the apostle for that. The limitations of his mission were ever clear in his mind. He was in the world as a servant of Christ, and that task was his dominant concern. He would minister to railroad men in every way that would contribute to their well-being, but he never counted his whole duty performed until he had looked squarely in the eyes of the individual and confronted him with the claims of the Master.

I give him high rank, therefore, among those

adventurous souls who have pushed their intrepid way into the trackless territory, and blazed trails for their fellow men. For he had always the loftiest purpose in view in his endeavors. He was a consistent worker in souls, who suffered nothing to divert his attention from the main task. His bold pilgrimages into the mapless regions were made with the well-defined purpose of serving well his own age, and making for future travelers a clear pathway to the Celestial City.

Chapter IV

LEADERSHIP

The high, the generous, the self-devoted sect will always instruct and command mankind. A man passes for what he is worth. What he is engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his features in letters of light. Concealment avails him nothing, boasting nothing. There is confession in the glance of our eyes, in our smiles, in salutations, and in the grasp of hands.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson,* "Spiritual Laws."

In the leadership literature that lies ready to hand, in this somewhat commercial age, the dominant idea appears to be that one should train himself for leadership in order that he may be able to sell goods. One of my friends in the ministry has a remarkable address on "The Market Place Mind," in which he deals with this mental attitude most helpfully and instructively. For, while no one will decry the ability to make a sale, in these days of terrific competition, there is yet a higher and broader meaning to the word "leadership" than ever was dreamt of in the salesman's philosophy.

We are all familiar with that oft-quoted quatrain in "The Lady of The Lake":

> Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
> Where, where was Roderick then?
> One blast upon his bugle horn,
> Were worth a thousand men.

There may have been poetic license in Sir Walter Scott's mathematics, yet he probably was not far from the truth. The value of the born leader, in the great crises and enterprises of life, is probably at least that of a thousand men of the rank and file.

We sometimes hear men, whose knowledge of comparative values is slight, indulging in bitter comment because of the high salaries paid to big executives. "What right has he to be drawing ten times as much as men like ourselves, when we are the fellows who make the wheels go 'round?" is a question often asked. The stern truth is that, when the comparative contribution the leader makes to the enterprise is taken into consideration, it is generally he who is found to be underpaid.

On every hand we hear clarion calls to youth to fit themselves for places of leadership. Many are called, but few respond. There are so

many competing attractions, that have an immediate appeal, that the vast majority go in for these, lose sight of the far horizon, and settle into the steady drudgery of the time-server.

The born leader, the man with native qualities of inspiration and dominance, is of course, a fortunate individual. But leadership is a quality that can be developed by men who are willing to pay the price in self-denial, self-discipline and self-culture. That, however, involves a definite renunciation of so many siren appeals that only the strong-willed make the fight. The others have their "good time," pay dearly for it, and usually reap a harvest of regret.

One of the greatest sermons that ever fell from human lips was preached by Dr. Chalmers, the famous Scotch divine, on the subject, "The Expulsive Power of A New Affection." The philosophy of that sermon explains more fully the secret of world leadership than all of the success literature that floods the bookstores.

It postulates a life so captured with a new love, so held with the vision of a new possibility, that all lesser affections are automatic-

ally expelled, and the passion of life becomes the attainment of the newly discovered goal. Scattered and chimerical affections now give place to a singleness of purpose which is entirely swayed and dominated by the new love. It is in such moments of rebirth that qualities of leadership are born.

Given a worthy cause, a forceful personality completely abandoned to it, willing to pay in self-sacrificing devotion whatever price the cause exacts, and a leader will unfailingly emerge. In fact, such figures are now passing across the stage in national, international, social and religious affairs. Not every one of these is a born genius. The most of them are merely strong-minded individuals who have resolved to bid considerably higher for the joy of achievement, or the attainment of an ideal, than their fellow men are willing to go.

In the profession to which George Warburton gave his life, there is an insistent and pressing demand for broad-gauged leadership. In no organization is Emerson's proverb, "An institution is the lengthened shadow of some one man," more true than in the Young Men's Christian Association. Theoretically and technically, the individual Associations are manned

by boards of representative laymen. But the fact remains that many of them are men of affairs, absorbed in important enterprises of their own, and in the last analysis, they must leave the development of the work on behalf of youth in the hands of an official who bears the somewhat ambiguous title, "General Secretary."

This title but poorly describes his duties. It conveys the impression to the average mind that he keeps the minutes and issues calls for the meetings. The title "Managing Director" much more accurately describes the work of an Association executive. He must discover and engage the members of a considerable staff, and must coach and direct them in their efforts so that they work as a harmonious unit. He must organize and direct great financial campaigns, and in many cases, be the general manager of a concern capitalized at several millions of dollars. Large and varied though this task may seem, it comprehends but one phase of his duties.

The Association executive must be, most of all, a spiritual leader, a dynamic force in the community, initiating great programs in behalf of human betterment, and giving inspiring

leadership in the actual outworking of such programs. He must be an advocate as well as an executive. For, though not generally ordained to the Christian ministry, his influence will be vastly curtailed unless he is able to teach, and even preach, with compelling power, the unsearchable riches of Christ. It is unthinkable that he should be occupying his sacred office without being able to give a convincing reason for the faith that is in him. In fact if he is lacking anywhere, he might far better have shortcomings as an executive than as a religious leader. The former may be condoned, or entirely forgiven, but the latter are without excuse.

Staggering questions confront the Association in the present day. Shall the organization hold unswervingly to its avoidance of current controversies, or shall it enter the lists on one side or the other as a combatant? Shall the organization operate as an agency that encourages agreement among men or shall it become militant and divisive? Shall the Association ally itself with either side in theological controversies, or shall it leave theological interpretations to the clergy, and keep on with its constructive promotion of religion? Shall it

take sides in misunderstandings between labor and capital, between nationalists and internationalists, between pacificism and militarism? In brief, shall the leaders of the organization attempt to deliver it bodily to any side of a current controversy, except the age-long controversy between right and wrong, in which it must always stand rock-ribbed on the side of right? These are just a few of the countless issues that confront the organization at the moment.

It should be borne in mind that we have a diversified membership representing all shades of opinion. It should not be forgotten that previous attempts to vote this diversified opinion on one side of a controversy have resulted disastrously. Never since the organization attained prominence has there been a time when some outside "movement" was not trying to capture it, in order to throw the weight of its large membership into the effort to gain some cherished objective. These outside wooings still persist.

To these and kindred perils the Association is no stranger. The leaders of the movement must address themselves to the task of steering the right course, meanwhile avoiding the

rocks in the channel. There are plenty of false lights on the shore, and these must be disregarded, while the true signals must be unerringly discerned.

In Warburton's great mass of papers, the volume and quality of which are both so overwhelming, I find a brief outline of his conception of the equipment of an Association secretary. It consists of seven points, as follows:

I. Natural Aptitude.
   Love of the work.
   Success in limited sphere.
   Leadership.

II. Preparatory Education.
   School.
   College, if possible.
   Springfield. Chicago.

III. Some Sense of a Divine Call.

IV. Breadth of Mental Attitude.

V. A Deepening Spiritual Life.

VI. Readiness to Sacrifice.

VII. Ability to Plan and Work.
Good judgment as to values.
Patience in attaining ends.
Capacity to modify plans.
(a) Through changes in conditions.
(b) Through advice of others.

Let any Association executive amplify this simple outline, without the elimination of any part of it, and he will have a reasonably good chart by which to map his future course.

It is never less than amazing to me that George Warburton took a prominent place among the leaders of the Association before he was out of his twenties. To be sure he had matured early, had preached and taught while still in his teens, yet conceding the value of such a background, one still is unable to account for the rapid rise of the blacksmith's son, apart from that explanation contained in Holy Writ, "The hand of God was upon him." Both in the councils of the Empire State, and in the greater policies and enterprises of the Nation, his voice commanded the thoughtful respect of his contemporaries whenever he participated in a discussion. A discerning professional man

recently made the statement, "The greatest power a man has over his fellow men is the ability to speak and write the English language convincingly and effectively." Warburton possessed this double gift, and behind it was the stable foundation of sound judgment. He was never an extremist. He had a profound respect for the opinions of those who differed with him.

His power and winsomeness as a speaker greatly enhanced his leadership. A fact not generally known, is that he was often the spokesman for McBurney, as well as for himself, in his convention utterances. They spent hours together thinking ahead for the movement to which they had given their lives, and when the critical moment arrived in convention, McBurney would often whisper, "Speak now, George," and his trusted associate would proceed to get the floor. His sense of humor was a remarkable asset to him, for he never made a weapon of his ready wit with which to inflict a wound upon an opponent.

His editorials in "Railroad Men" were often gems of Association opinion and prophetic thought. For the most part he wrote of railroad phases of the work, but when crises

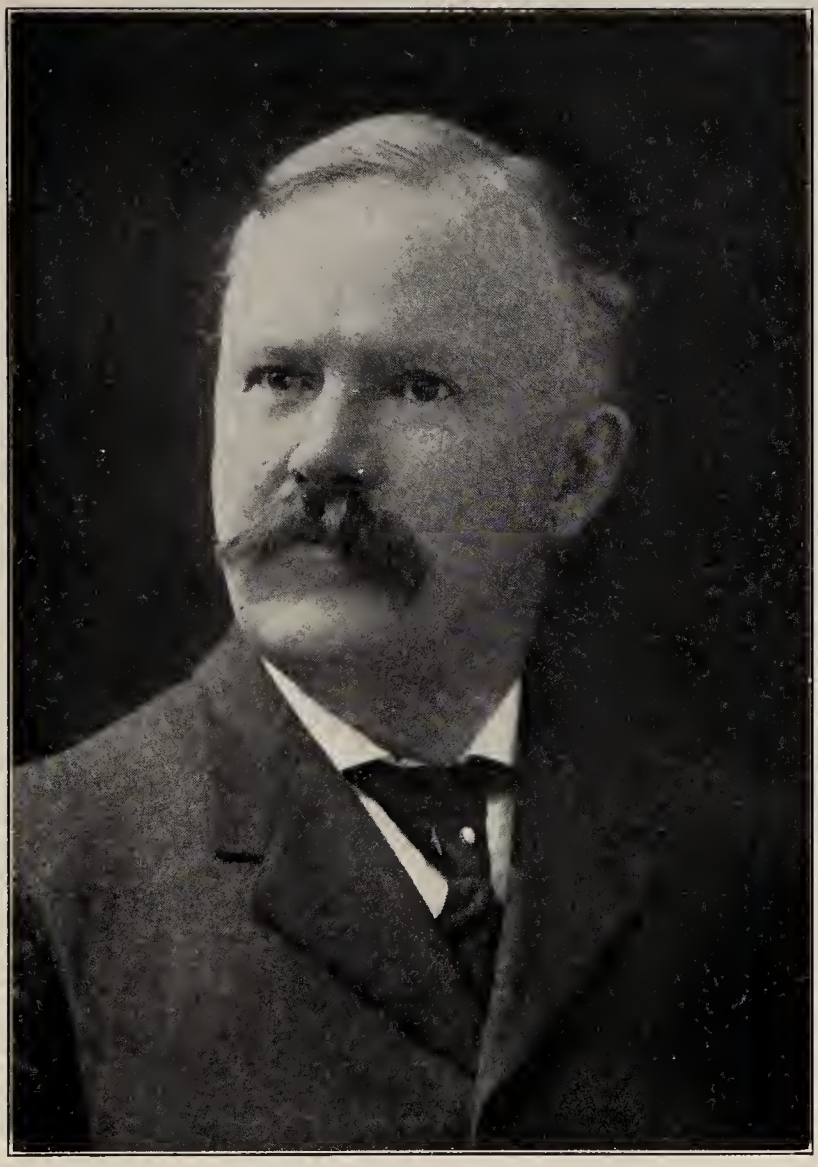
arose, he wrote trenchantly and thoughtfully on the general policies of the national movement. His opinions were expressed temperately, yet they seldom failed to carry conviction, for he was almost invariably on the right side of great questions. Once these matters were settled, he sensibly dropped further discussion of them, and busied his pen with other editorial considerations.

There is an ancient Chinese proverb which says, "If two men walk with me, one must be my teacher." The remarkable development of his personality was in no small measure due to his deliberate association with men who could exert a broadening influence upon his mind. Never for a moment neglecting his humbler friends, he yet lost few opportunities to avail himself of the company of those who could contribute to his growth. He was always reaching for the best. He was not satisfied with the second best, or the merely passable. This was a principle he held unswervingly, and he kept it clearly in view right up to the end of life.

There was prophetic insight in his earlier writings, as he saw with clear eye, the infinite possibilities of the Railroad Association move-

ment, and endeavored to lodge in the consciousness of railroad officials, the advisability of inaugurating the work on their respective lines. Far from being satisfied merely to busy himself with his own fascinating duties in the metropolis, he was forever looking toward the unoccupied territory and doing missionary work, in his editorial utterances, to awaken interest and action on all the American railroads. The high railway officials of the country were all on his mailing list, and the seed-sowing work, which he did so faithfully, was immensely productive in those pioneering days.

It was in this same period that the so-called "independent movement" had its rise and fall. A little group of Railroad Association secretaries, lacking wise leadership, conceived the idea that the Railroad Associations would be better off outside the pale of the Young Men's Christian Association. They were men of reactionary mind, of fantastic theology, and of separatist tendencies. They did not like the introduction of innocent games in the Railroad Association rooms, and felt that the entire aim should be to carry on religious meetings. Their viewpoint was much the same as the theory of the Railway Mission Workers of



Mr. Warburton in New York Days.

England. Instead of the time-honored motto "For railroad men, by railroad men," as the accustomed slogan of the work is, this group of Railroad Association secretaries conceived of the organization as a mission carried on in behalf of railroad men and their families.

It did not require a long time for this offshoot of the movement to demonstrate its fallacious viewpoint. A few years of "going it alone" convinced the misguided men, who had originated the movement, that strength, usefulness and method were to be found at their best in close affiliation with the Young Men's Christian Association. The organizations that had seceded made overtures to the parent Association, and within a relatively short time, all of them were back again in the Association fold.

During this period of disaffection, Warburton stood unswervingly for loyalty to the Young Men's Christian Association. There was nothing of the "come-outer" about him. Gifted with a high degree of statesmanship, and with penetrating vision, he already saw the potential greatness of a united movement for men of all classes, and he cast the weight of his influence consistently upon the side of

unity. If any vindication of his policy were needed, he had it in the somewhat crestfallen return of the erstwhile independents.

What will be the Association leadership of the future? What will motivate it? Will the spiritual objective which has made the organization a great agency for good be kept insistently in the forefront, or will the emphasis shift to things of lesser importance? Will some extraneous but seductive influence lead us to "follow wandering fires," or will the emblem that has held and enthralled us all these years lure us forward with the battle cry, "In this sign we conquer!"

We do well to remember that our material equipment can be copied, down to the smallest detail. It can even be improved upon. We have no guarantee of architectural superiority that can advance to a place where others cannot follow. The things that cannot be copied are the Christian motive, the Christian message, and self-sacrificing apostleship. These things constitute the magna charta of the organization. If we revere the leadership of the past, which has brought the organization to its present position of prestige and power, and if with the spirit of loyal successorship, we grasp

the thrown torch, holding it even higher than the earlier leaders did, conquests await our organization beyond the dreams of any man now living.

Chapter V

CANADA

Here's a maid of the North
And a maiden of worth,
A maid of the wheat fields and pine;
On her cheeks there is health, in her hands there is wealth
Of the river and forest and mine.

—*Old Toast,* "To Canada."

Those who had to do with Warburton's removal to Canada have reason to remember gratefully whatever contribution they made toward bringing about that rather radical change in his affairs. After twenty-five years of conspicuous service in the metropolis of the North American continent, events began to shape themselves in such a manner that he knew he would be obliged to face a call from the Toronto Association and decide either for or against.

At the age of fifty these decisions are fraught with far greater complications than in

earlier life, and radical changes are far more difficult to make. The glamor of New York casts its spell upon active men generally, and the longer they stay in the busy whirl, the more the fascination of it grips them. He had his beautiful home "Sunnytop" on the cliffs above Tarrytown, overlooking the lordly Hudson, and his roots were struck deep into suburban affairs as well as into the life of the great city to the south. Any change from the metropolitan area appeared, at the first blush, revolutionary.

The call came, however, and wishing always to keep mind and heart open to the Divine Plan, he responded favorably to an invitation to go on to Toronto and meet the leaders in Association and civic affairs merely for the purpose of becoming acquainted. The Toronto people were already satisfied, but there were various aspects of the situation to be considered and no commitment had as yet been made by Mr. Warburton.

The conference brought many of the outstanding citizens of Toronto together, all of whom were charmed by and delighted with their guest. At fifty, he was naturally anxious to make the most of his next ten years, and he

sought, therefore, to know the plans of the Canadian leaders as definitely as they were able to reveal them. The Association had but lately emerged from a long period of financial stress and strain which had affected its entire program. A forward move was in contemplation. They unfolded their hopes, and also their fears, but at last one of them said to him:

"But just suppose, Mr. Warburton, that after due consideration, we found ourselves unable to go ahead with plans for large expansion. What would your attitude be then?"

Without an instant's hesitation, yet with the kindness and courtesy that were so inherent in him, he replied:

"In that case it would be necessary for me to request that you drop me from further consideration, and I would agree to do my utmost to help you in any way to find a General Secretary to lead in your present work."

Bear in mind that his resignation had already taken effect in New York, and he could have had an easy and pleasant time with the Toronto Association as it then was. Yet so brightly did the fires of ambition still burn, that unless he could have positive assurance of a

really challenging opportunity, he chose t withdraw from the field.

His answer, although given with no thought of the impression it might make, elicited the most favorable comment from the group, who were at once even more strongly confirmed in their confidence that their future leader was in their presence.

Before he left for home he was given unqualified assurance that if he accepted the call, he would get the hearty support of the city in any reasonable expansion plan which he might suggest. The call was accepted, and he removed his residence to Toronto in June, 1909.

His friend, C. M. Copeland, the veteran secretary of the Canadian National Council, gives a graphic record of his multifold Canadian activities. We quote:

"At the first meeting of the Board of Directors after Warburton's arrival, he painted a vivid picture of what the Association might and should become in a great and growing city like Toronto. His own clear vision, conviction and enthusiasm brought a new vision with conviction and enthusiasm to, and prompt action by, the Board. Immediate steps were taken to launch a programme of expansion. This re-

sulted in a campaign the following year to raise $650,000 for the erection of four new buildings. When the returns were all in and tabulated it was found that more than $800,000 had been subscribed, up to this time an unheard-of sum to be raised by public subscription in this or, we think, in any Canadian city. Not only was it a new record in giving, but a new standard of individual giving was established. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the above was handed over, with the approval and consent of some of the larger contributors, to The Toronto Young Women's Christian Association.

"The note of jubilee was in the air. A progressive and fast-growing city that had been a bit behind in its Association life, suddenly emerged to a position of conspicuous leadership among cities of its rank. Four beautiful buildings were at once planned and construction began. In a little over a year, amid great rejoicing, the young manhood of the city took possession of these strategically located, modern structures, and Toronto was put 'on the map' among the foremost cities of the world in the interest she had shown in youth.

"Here let it be said that the success of this

campaign, and much of Warburton's success in the Association and in other organizations with which he was connected, was due to his unusual ability for discovering and spiritually developing and inspiring strong lay leadership. He was able to draw to himself and to interest in his projects men of strength and influence. But our friend's vision was not limited by the years of his own activity. He anticipated another great advance movement which he hoped to live to see. During the years of Warburton's administration of YMCA work in Toronto, the conception of the citizens as to its character, value and possibilities was clarified and greatly enlarged, resulting in a corresponding increase in sympathy and responsiveness.

"With the organization of the Association on a metropolitan basis, Warburton became Metropolitan Secretary. To those serving with him as employed officers he gave large liberty and a free hand in working out the general policy agreed upon for the city-wide work. When the time came for him to retire, *he retired,* leaving the office in possession of and the reins in the hands of his successor. Yet he never lost interest, sympathy or friendly touch with the movement either local or general.

"When the nationalizing of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. was broached, Warburton was among the first to recognize the importance of such a move and lent unfaltering and valuable assistance in bringing it to a successful issue.

"In December, 1915, he obtained leave of absence for several months from his Board that he might head up as chairman a specially formed organization known as 'The Committee of 100,' composed of outstanding and representative business men throughout the Province, whose purpose was to secure the passing by the Legislature of Ontario of an Act for the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors. Under his strong and inspiring leadership this effort was more than successful in spite of powerful and active opposition. Such an Act, known as the "Ontario Temperance Act," was passed and remained in force until about three years ago, when "Government sale" was substituted. While Warburton fought hard for his objective and won, he, nevertheless, retained the confidence and respect of those who did not agree with, and even strongly opposed, him.

"While Mr. Warburton gave the Young Men's Christian Association the place in his

thought, affection and service which, as one of its employed officers, was due from him, and while he recognized and discharged his duties as a citizen, as he saw opportunity (and he had a keen sight for opportunity) in peace time and in war time; yet he saw in the Church the source and the vitalizing power of the Association, and in its preservative and redemptive qualities and forces, the hope of the State. Always he was loyal to the Church, and during the later years, after his release from executive responsibilities in the YMCA, he gave much time to it and travelled from coast to coast in its interests. At the time of his death he had in mind a program for himself which he thought might take two years, viz.—the presenting to men and women of wealth the claims of the missionary enterprises—home and foreign—of the United Church, with a view to securing large contributions for their support. He had an ambition to awaken in laymen a new sense of stewardship and to place the finances of the Church on a new and more permanent footing. Missions had a large place in George Warburton's heart. A year or so ago, when the Secretary of the Missionary and Maintenance Fund of the United Church in-

vited 500 men to contribute $100.00 each to this fund, Warburton was the very first to respond. He was a member of the National Executive Committee of the Missionary and Maintenance Fund which is responsible for raising and expending $3,500,000.00 annually.

"A prominent official of the United Church who knew Warburton well, and had worked much with him, bears this testimony—'George Warburton's greatest influence was in stimulating laymen to closer fellowship with Jesus Christ and to an interest in the larger affairs of the Church.' And again—'George Warburton was one of the best known and best beloved men in the United Church.'

"In selecting his church home, the choice was made on the basis of the opportunity it offered for service. A small, struggling congregation with which he became identified in the early days of his residence in Toronto now has a membership of 1,600 and contributes $12,500 annually to the Missionary and Maintenance Fund. This, we are told, is the result, in large measure, of Mr. Warburton's initiative, courage and leadership.

"Probably no newcomer to the citizenry of Toronto so quickly secured the confidence and

respect of people of all classes as did George Warburton. This confidence and respect ripened into friendship and affection, whose roots went deeper and whose branches spread wider with the passing days and years. Men of every creed and of no creed, men in every walk of life—political, academic, industrial, commercial, financial, ecclesiastical—many, young and old, in the humbler, unclassified walks were cheered by the sunshine which he radiated, made wiser by his counsel, encouraged by his sympathy, enriched by his inexhaustible friendship, and were helped to a better understanding of God, a closer fellowship with Jesus Christ and a greater appreciation of the Bible, by the naturalness and genuineness of his religious life and conversation.

"George Warburton, during the brief twenty years of his residence in Canada, wielded a strong, nation-wide influence for righteousness and true progress. Though he has gone, he is still with us in memory and in spirit—'A Brother Beloved.'"

What Mr. Copeland has so gracefully said is enthusiastically corroborated by the most prominent religious leaders in the Dominion. The stamp of his personality was indelibly im-

pressed upon the Association, the United Church, and the Nation itself. He spent vast blocks of time in intimate relationship with those pioneering clergymen who were laying the foundations of the United Church movement, and he entrenched himself in their affections in the same deep way that he had done with the laymen.

The significance of the United Church movement in Canada to Christendom in general, is of the highest importance. In other parts of the world, we have talked long and earnestly about Christian unity. While we were talking, Canada did it. With statesman-like sweep, and with commendable subjection of denominational ambitions and aims, the churches, after the spirit of the Pentecostal era, decided to throw their strength and interests together.

There was none of that fallacy so often put forward in the sentiment, "We invite you all to Christian unity, with our church as the basis," but there was a delightful, and even enthusiastic, surrender of denominational idols, and personal ambitions, as the Canadian Christians threw all they had into the common cause, for the sake of presenting a united front

in their future conquests. We know of no other way to accomplish Christian unity. Conferences and assemblies are all right as far as they go, but we shall not be able to talk this great ideal into existence. We shall need to follow the example which Canada has so bravely set, return to the apostolic ideal, and show by action, rather than by words of amity, that we earnestly wish unity and are prepared to sacrifice to the limit in order to obtain it.

Canada became in every sense Warburton's home. His lot was irrevocably cast with her the day he took up his residence in Toronto. He and his family could well have echoed, concerning their new-found country, the sentiment expressed by another patriot in apostrophizing the ship of state:

"Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our joys, our tears,
Our Faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee."

Chapter VI

ANGLER

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were; and fish the last
Food was, that He on earth did taste:
I therefore strive to follow those,
Whom He to follow Him hath chose.

Izaak Walton, "The Angler's Song."

Izaak Walton must have been inspired, in a measure at least, when he characterized the sport of angling. He named it "the contemplative man's recreation." The term is most felicitous. Other sports there are, almost without number, but it may be doubted whether any of them afford that rare opportunity of quiet meditation which the angler enjoys. Of course, he often goes a-fishing with his trusted cronies —none other need apply—and at such times the excursion is marked by fellowship, but on other occasions, he goes all alone, for his soul is athirst for solitude. Well does he understand

Thoreau's sagacious remark, "I never knew the companion who was as companionable as solitude."

It is on these lonely expeditions that he indulges his contemplative faculty. Perhaps on this particular day he is primarily introspective. He makes a cursory survey of his life and all that it has meant. His mind runs away back to the years of boyhood when he first shouldered his rude cane pole and, in the lengthening shadows, went barefoot to the old creek in quest of bullheads.

Then he thinks of the later years when life began to assume a more definite shape. He sees the Divine Hand controlling his career at numerous crises and before he knows it, he is likely to be singing one of the old church hymns such as

> Thus far, the Lord has led me on,
> Thus far, His power prolongs my days.

Now, he is looking forward to the tasks that press with increasing insistence as the years ahead grow fewer. For time grows more precious as the supply gradually diminishes.

> Life greatens in these later years!

These thoughtful times may be extremely profitable, if rightly used, for in them one may "gird up the loins of his mind" for more wisely directed endeavor when he goes back to his work. He may "take up the slack," as the railroad men say, and hit the line a bit harder and to more purpose after a day of quiet thought.

Of course, I grant you that there are men along the stream to whom what I have written would be more incomprehensible Greek than that which Casca overheard in the conversation of the Roman Senators. Contemplation to these fishermen is not a lost art, but something entirely foreign to their nature. They are out for fish. If one of these meets another man on the stream, he treats him not as a brother angler, but as an intruder, some one who may possibly have fished a favorite pool of this boorish person farther down the brook.

But these men do not last. If the trout do not respond right quickly, they empty out their vituperative curses on the stream, and on all that inhabit it, and go their ill-natured way. When the bass season opens they forsake the trout streams altogether, for are not bass likely to be heavier than trout? And to your inveterate pot hunter, weight is the only thing that

matters. Not that I mean to disparage bass fishing, in any sense. Casting the fly for small-mouthed bass is an extremely fascinating sport. I only mean to point out a distinctive feature that distinguishes sharply between a genuine angler and a man who has gone out in a frenzy to kill fish.

George Warburton was an angler of the purest ray serene. The poetry of it had gotten into his blood. The lure of it was with him summer and winter. The joy of the chase was a part of his adventurous nature. His ideas of angling were the highest, and he held without swerving to that fine doctrine that when a man takes a fish from our free streams, he should put back at least ten for every one he takes out. Herein lies the salvation of our favorite sport. Let every angler be patriotic enough to request his quota of fingerlings each year from his state or government, and let him take the trouble to plant them with reasonable care, and we will have better fishing ten years hence than we have now. But if every man takes as many as he can catch, and puts back none, the streams and lakes will be depleted, and all that future generations will know of

angling will be the stories they heard from their forebears.

Our friend encouraged us never to stop learning until we were experts with the fly. He loved to see a beautiful cast for distance, in which the rod was poised in mid-air for exactly the right interval to permit the line to straighten out, at which instant the cast was brought forward in a graceful loop and the flies were dropped far away on the water without the semblance of a splash. His eyes would glisten with appreciation, and the caster, no matter who he was, would get a word of hearty praise.

He was a marvel with wet flies, but he never became an adept with the dry fly. His habits were getting pretty well fixed when the popularity of the dry fly was established in this country, and he was quite inclined to be skeptical about the new method.

We fished one day in the Berkshires when the water was low and clear, but as a variation from our customary procedure, we "divided the stream" at the outset, one going up and the other down. We did not meet until the late afternoon.

His wet flies had been almost entirely un-

successful on the low water, but fishing upstream with the dry fly, I had taken several nice trout. His look of surprise when he lifted the lid of my creel caused me to answer:

"The dry fly is the only thing that will work when these streams are low and clear."

"Yes," he said scornfully, "there you go with your wise talk about the dry fly. I do not take any stock in it. It is just one more of those frills that the foreigners have tried to make popular. You would have had the same luck fishing upstream with any fly."

I did not continue the discussion, for, even in infancy I had heard,

"Convince a man against his will—"

The next occasion for discussing the question arose some time later when we were on a lake in the Algonquin region. We were cruising slowly in after an indifferent day's sport. The trout were rising all over the lake, but the water had suddenly fallen calm and smooth like the "Sea of Glass" which the seer of Patmos describes. The wet flies were then utterly useless. The fish would rise to inspect them, but nothing would induce them to strike.

I whipped off my wet fly leader and adjusted a very light one with a small dry fly.

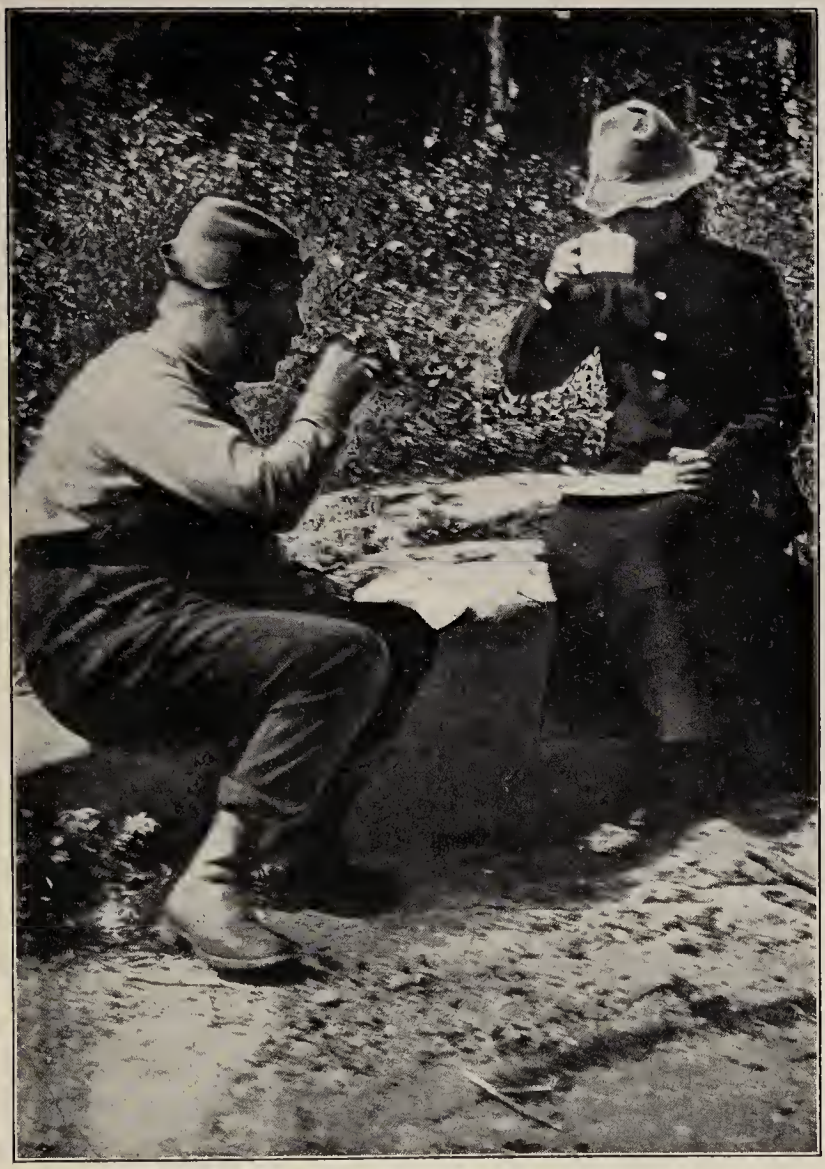
"Now watch this, and see if you don't get converted," I challenged.

Almost instantly a fine trout was struggling at the end of the line.

"Right you are, old scout," he shouted heartily, "I have never believed there was any difference, but now I see the proof. I guess I'll have to admit that the dry fly will sometimes work where a wet fly won't."

That was characteristic of the man. Like most veteran anglers he had his well-defined ideas of the sport and of the habits of the fish. He was a connoisseur in rods, reels, and tackle of all sorts, yet he was never so sure about anything that he was not willing to learn. Was this not also true of him in every relation of life, and was it not the explanation of his constantly expanding store of knowledge?

He was the first of our party to taste that superlative degree of fly fishing, the quest and capture of the far-famed Atlantic salmon. Some of us have followed since, but he was the pioneer who first caught the vision, as he was in so many other ways, and it was he who first made the long journey to Newfoundland, and returned with stories of an enchanted isle, where flowed mighty rivers, in which great fish



Lunch Hour in Newfoundland.

jumped, and splashed, and played—and occasionally were caught. Like the spies of olden time, he "brought back of the fruits of the land," fine salmon steaks, and good amateur photographs of huge fish leaping and struggling up the swift streams, as they returned to their own birthplace for the rearing of their families.

He quickly mastered this most difficult type of fly fishing and was eminently successful on his various trips to the Humber River, on several of which, to his great delight, he was accompanied by Mrs. Warburton. He wrote in the most complimentary way of how bravely she faced the black flies and mosquitoes, which assail the explorer with a savagery which is almost unbelievable. With her well-known modesty, the subject of his compliments would quickly disclaim the praise of her husband contained in those letters, but those of us who have faced the angry hordes, as they tore madly at our head-nets, stand ready to confirm his statement that "a woman who never fishes, but merely follows her husband on the stream so that they can be together, surely loves him."

If proof of his response were needed, the following moving bit which he wrote to her

later from the heart of the Maine forest would be ample. It is entitled "To My Wife."

The mountains would be just the same
If you were here.
The birds would sing as they do now,
If you were here.
The grasses underneath my feet
Would be the same; and every sweet
Flower load the air with rich perfume;
And from the window of my room
I could look out and see the brook;
And I should feel, as I do now,
The summer wind. But Oh, my dear,
It would not, could not, be the same
If you were here.
I miss you, dear,
And how I wish that you were here!

Probably every angler dreams of a day of destiny when all previous exploits with rod and reel will pale into insignificance in comparison with a mighty deed yet to be performed. On that day he will unblushingly accept the challenge of the Book of Job, "Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook?" and will proceed to demonstrate to the world that it can be done.

Where is the shrinking violet in our angling brotherhood who is not cherishing just such a

dream? Not more surely does the cabin boy expect to pilot the greatest liner of them all across the seas, or the bricklayer's apprentice look forward to the day when he will design a building that will scrape the skies, than the angler who can scarcely hobble around, looks confidently to the day when all previous achievements will be eclipsed by a capture that will make angling history.

My friend's day of days came on August 22nd, 1927. It so happened that just three months before, it had been my good fortune to make "top line" in a quarter of a century's angling, and win the trout prize in our Anglers' Association.

Warburton generously rejoiced in the achievement, but I surmise that it secretly whetted his appetite to make a notable killing.

On a previous trip to Mad River, in northern Ontario, while fishing a magic pool in the early dusk, he had seen a tremendous roll as a huge trout rose, but did not strike his flies. That rise left an expansive wake on the water but a far bigger one on his mind and memory. Then and there he resolved to keep the matter a carefully guarded secret, and to come again

to the pool when every condition was favorable.

I do not know whether he cast lots, after the manner of the ancients, to ascertain the lucky day, nor am I informed of the nature of the talisman, or the position of the planets, that determined his next journey. But on the evening of August 22nd, his little car could be discerned tearing along at its usual breakneck speed on a certain highway of the North. This night was to settle a momentous matter for one very ardent angler.

He stopped to pick up his friend, Hugh McKenny, who lived near the stream, and whose assistance he hoped and expected to need before the evening was over. Hugh manned the landing net as they stealthily crept up toward the pool, stopping to reconnoitre when they were within casting distance.

His companion is authority for the statement that every cast was a perfect one. The flies were falling nearer and nearer to the spot where that marvelous rise had been seen. And now they finally dropped on the very edge of the place, while the angler's heart thumped almost audibly against his ribs. His "Parmacheene Belle," the outstanding favorite of

his fly-book, now drifted exactly where the nose of the monster ought to be.

Glory! In one great surge, the trout took the fly and the battle was on. Twenty minutes later the trophy lay upon the grass, a magnificent speckled trout, five pounds and one ounce in weight, twenty-three inches in length, and with a girth of twelve inches.

He could not wait for the mails, not he! At the first available telegraph office he wired me as follows:

"HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST. CAUGHT TROUT TONIGHT IN MAD RIVER, FIVE POUNDS, ONE OUNCE.

G. A. W."

It was a crow, but why not? It had been our habit to crow, loud and long, whenever either scored an advantage over the other, and this was merely the regular manner of communicating the news. "Rubbing it in," was an ancient practice with us, and we used our most vigorous type of language to make it effective on the other fellow. My congratulations went forward on the next mail, and all of us who had angled with him, rejoiced that his great day

had come, in which he had scored such a distinct angling triumph.

Is it unreasonable to believe that his passion for angling intensified that higher passion of his to be a fisher of men? For his interest in pointing the Way to others never suffered the slightest abatement right up to the time of his passing. There are those among his intimate friends who, if the matter were not so sacred, could tell tales of his spiritual angling by means of earnest letters, and heart-to-heart talks, designed to lead them into that same fellowship that had meant so much to himself.

On the streams, we used to refer to him as "the last man in." He was not less indefatigable in the way he followed through as he sought to realize, in his own experience, the fulfillment of the promise, "I will make you fishers of men."

One of the books he loved most of all was Annie Trumbull Slosson's choice little volume, "Fishin' Jimmy." Those who have been fortunate enough to get acquainted with this small classic of the Franconia Hills, will remember how literally Jimmy took the ancient promise that was made to the first disciples. My friend took this obligation quite as liter-

HUGH MCKENNY CONGRATULATES THE VICTOR.

ally, and necessity was laid upon him to be "instant in season and out of season" in his effort to share an experience which meant more to him than all else that was in life. And, so far as I can recall, he never gave offense, either by letter or by spoken word, in the exercise of his office in bearing witness to the truth. There was an inherent delicacy, a gentle persuasion, about his method that precluded the possibility of an unfavorable reception.

Of the sport of which he was so passionately fond, I am grateful that I can let my friend speak for himself. Exactly three months before his death, on the occasion of his retirement as President of the Toronto Anglers' Association, he made an address which the Canadian Pacific Railway later reprinted and circulated by the thousands all over North America. His choice friend, Gregory Clark, quoted at greater length elsewhere in this volume, wrote the following exquisite introduction to the address in its printed form.

"This curiously prophetic utterance was George Warburton's valedictory address to the Toronto Anglers' Association on his retirement as president of that organization.

Within a few weeks of speaking it, George

Warburton was already displaying his catch to shining eyes on streams far from the ken of man.

And what a catch it would be!

For more than half a century, he had been a fisher of men, in gallant obedience to the commands of his Master, whom he never failed to recognize in any company. Since boyhood, George Warburton was functioning in exactly the same relation to his fellow men that he enjoyed to the day of his death—leader, peacemaker, inspirer, a prophet of friendship amongst all classes and creeds.

At his funeral hundreds of men were present, multimillionaires, workmen in their overalls, industrial magnates and Salvation Army soldiers—the most unusual gathering that ever bade a man good-bye.

Those of us who knew George Warburton as an angler knew him to be also a friend of more than men; friend he was of every wild creature, the animals, the trees themselves, a mystic who tried to find a means of interpreting to us ruthless masters of the world the little lost voices of our brothers in life.

He was a sort of modern St. Francis of Assisi, a gentle, sweet man, whose voice is pre-

served in this little pamphlet for a generation that may awake to what was to George Warburton only a dream."

As Mr. Clark intimates, Mr. Warburton was deeply loved by the members of the Association, and as some of the rest of us chance to know, he was zealous to exert among them, the same influence that he sought to bring to bear everywhere—an influence that would commend his Master. In his remarks, made so near the end of his earthly race, he passes on his final tribute to the sport he loved. His address follows:

It is a source of wonder to not a few that a company of men can gather from month to month, in large and increasing numbers, and spend hours happily together, held by their one common interest in angling. But to the real angler this causes no surprise whatever, because he knows enough of the subtle charm that there is in the pursuit and capture of game fish for sport to understand it; at least to feel and submit to it. What could I do better, in laying down the office of President, than to endeavor to express what we all feel, and are influenced by, even though we may never have

crystallized our ideas into definite thought, still less have expressed them in words. To be sure it has always been the function of the poet to be the mouthpiece for those who felt deeply, but may not have been vocal. Milton sought to "justify the ways of God to men." Burns and Scott were really the Scottish race singing of wars and romance. The great poets are those that see deep into human experience and then tell what they see in melodious verse and phrase. So, without claiming to be a poet, but with a simple desire to interpret the anglers' passion truthfully, let me seek to justify it, to the extent at least of encouraging us to go on with its enjoyment, with the full approval of our own enlightened conscience, even if the cynics continue to indulge in sarcastic smiles.

There are three periods in the life of man—childhood, manhood and old age. In childhood we are full of eagerness and zest. It is life's morning, life's springtime. The pathway leads to distant places. We long to mount to some swift steed and to be away to new and strange surroundings. Wonder and expectation control, and great visions rise before us.

Now, angling brings back again the life and experiences of boyhood. It revives hope,

kindles desire, sets the blood coursing and the pulses beating. For boyhood, youth, superabundant vitality are not lost to any man who can create, as the angler does, by the power of his imagination, scenes that are distant, or who can cause dead hope to come out of the tomb of his vanished years, and assert its way over mind, and soul, and will. Every angler is a master of expectation. The day that is to be; the catch that is to be made; the pleasures of companionship that are to be renewed; the places that are to be visited; the improvement of the technique; all these things are felt by the angler to a greater or less degree. Angling is a veritable preventive of age, keeping us fresh and vigorous, always looking forward, our hearts bounding with a large hope for good luck, and like the ancient prophets, seeing the things that are invisible.

One reason for the renewing power of angling may be found in the season in which it is practiced. It opens in the spring days. The dead earth is awakening to new life. The birds have come back to sing, and mate, and build nests in the bushes and branches. The wild flowers push up through the leaf-mold, arbutus, making the air heavy with perfume;

violets blue and white, anemones "dancing round the budding trees," pussy willows, "creeping out on every bough along the brook," to be stroked by the south wind. Little fawns, with spotted coats, wandering over the hills and beside the water courses, and the whole earth calling out that her life is full and abundant. And then June ushers in the summer when the life of the earth is in flood, the fields all covered with promises of abundant harvests.

And whether on lake, or brook, or great river, the angler belongs to the scene, and is in harmony with nature's revival. He sallies forth, clothed in simple comfortable garments, armed with the implements of his craft, and cherishing fond hopes that have been nursed and nourished during the long winter season. He has dreamed of these sunny days, and when seated by the fire with some boon companion, has talked of "cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows," and when he has found himself alone, watching the leaping flame fade into the glow of the dying embers, he has gone to his couch recalling the odor of the balsam bed, and the light of the silent moon on the

roof of his tent in some bit of forest. The sweet slumber, the rising at dawn, when

> Faster and more fast,
> O'er earth's rim day boils at last.

But now, on the opening day his dream has come true, and he goes out into a new freedom. What he now seeth he no longer hopes for. Good-bye to ledgers, stocks, bonds, tools, machinery, books, teaching, banks and bustle, vile odors and disturbing noises, clanging bells and police regulations, courts and concerts, crowds of weary men and bustling, bargain-seeking women, street cars and motors, cafeterias and course dinners, pink teas and pale people, asphalt streets and huge skyscrapers, markets and shops, politics and parties, churches and creeds, chlorinated water and health hints—good-bye even to wife and children, for they, dear things, grow monotonous sometimes, and man requires a change!

The true angler is a carefree animal, and goes back as nearly as possible to a life of primitive simplicity, if not of savagery. His recreation may become an art. The degree of satisfaction he finds in it will depend always upon the extent to which he can abandon him-

self to its charms. Cool calculation, or any other mechanical thing whatever, such as time or distance, or expense, or even a measuring, weighing, or numbering of his catch, may easily prevent his fullest pleasure. The incidental rewards often become the chief joys of the angler. Yet he requires the definite objective, the thing to be done, the fish to be sought, found and captured. This makes exercise inevitable, but pleasant. He walks for miles in sublime unconsciousness of distance; climbs mountains, carries heavy packs over narrow trails, paddles his canoe with strong strokes, wades in icy waters, or is drenched with rain until his clothes are soaked, with utter disregard of weariness, while he laughs at threatened colds or rheumatics, demonstrating the superiority of mind over matter, and shouting his defiance at the menacing demons of illness, and the grinning features of advancing age!

The fact is the angler has his pleasures three times. He anticipates them, he experiences them, and he recalls them by an act of memory after they have gone. It is too much to expect those who have never practiced the "contem-

plative man's recreation" to understand such fellowship as ours. It is

> as is a landscape to a blind man's eye.

No one but a lover can understand love, and even he can experience far more than he can explain. It is the man who has music in his soul that appreciates poetry and the world of the masters. There be some dull souls who think dollars more beautiful than the paintings in the Louvre, and so there be some who never can know the simple joys of angling. They seek caloric excitement in the recreations, some artificial stimulus to awaken their sluggish or worn-out souls. In fact, we live in an age so hectic, so eager for speed, so utterly given up to externalities and to the pursuit of wealth, that any sport which leads men to solitude, simplicity, plain food, open-air exercise, companionship with woods, fields, mountains, valleys, running water, birds and wild animals, and helps them to get pleasure out of nature in all her various manifestations, is really rendering a great public service. The angler hears the trees and mountains say, "What's your hurry, little man?" And we who are older desire to pass on to succeeding generations the oppor-

tunities that we have for practicing the art of angling. We want our streams and rivers, our lakes and ponds to continue to provide reasonably good fishing, not merely nor chiefly because of the food value of the fish to be taken, but because we want our sons and their sons for generations to enjoy as we do this splendid means of innocent, healthful recreation.

The fact is that our Association is a good illustration, in its way of working, of the angling art. We are drawn together by mutual interest. Social, educational, political and religious barriers disappear in the common and unifying love that we have for going fishing. We sit and talk, we hear others give addresses, we look at pictures on the screen and on the walls of memory, yet our programs are singularly free and unconventional. We forget our cares, and yield ourselves to the joy of natural and unrestrained mirth, and we find no vulgarity appearing, no coarse and vulgar jests. And yet beneath all this merriment is a serious, deep-set purpose; a determination to render a public service by assisting in the great work of conservation. So that, while we act like carefree boys, we are really busy with a good-sized

man's job. Let us keep at it as good anglers and as good citizens.

Each of us is an angler in the stream of time. Our souls are our creels. Into them go the thoughts and feelings that we catch and keep. If we keep only the best, and discard all that is unworthy, we shall be glad to show our catch to men and angels, and to the good God, at the close of the Anglers' Day. Good luck!

Chapter VII

NATURALIST

Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear,
Of beasts or birds, had meanings clear;
The ancient teachers, never dumb,
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.

Whittier.

Our camp fire had burned low on the shore of a sequestered lake in the heart of the Maine forest. It was mid-September, and we had enjoyed a happy day amid such a riot of color as one can see only in the north country at that time of the year.

We had spent a memorable evening in which the conversation had centered around our old comrades who had been with us on other occasions but who, for various reasons, had not been able to take the trip this time. How pleasant it had been to discourse of those true men, of whom we had only the kindest thoughts! They were real brothers of the angle, and

although long distances separated us, on this particular evening, we felt that our hearts communed with theirs across the countless miles. Now the moment had come to heap great logs upon the coals, for the Autumn night had a tang in it, and we would need heat the whole night through. Some one would have to kick out of his blankets, at least once before daylight, and replenish, and that would be the job of the one who happened to waken first.

How still the night was! Far off, at a remote corner of the lake, a loon called weirdly to his mate, punctuating his cry with the maniacal laugh peculiar to the species, but otherwise the quiet was unbroken. As our fire had declined, the great forest trees at the rim of its circle of light had become dim and dimmer, but when we heaved our heaviest fuel on the bed of coals, the flames lighted up the woods until the lane of light showed the tree trunks like the pillars of some vast cathedral.

We lay at last cheek down to Mother Earth, and said good-night as

> the stars o'erhead
> Were dancing heel and toe.

Their golden setting in the background of deep blue was superb. That star-strewn canopy was our last recollection before we dropped into a dreamless sleep. It is in surroundings such as these that the soul is "silent unto God," and the human heart opens itself wide to Nature's lessons.

At length came the dim light of the morning, a stirring of the embers, fresh fuel on the fire, the grateful smell of the coffee pot, a sportsman's rude breakfast, then the launching of what had once been a rowboat, but which after years of neglect was now more of a derelict, and we were out on the lake again for a forenoon's fishing before hitting the long trail back to the main camp.

In this lake the trout ran from three quarters of a pound to three pounds, and they were what anglers term the "up and over" variety. That means that in rising to the fly they shot up out of the water, made a graceful turn in the air, and took the fly as they went down. On waters that are much frequented, one seldom sees this phenomenon, but the lake on which we found ourselves on this particular day was fished only once or twice a year. The long, hard jaunt to get to it acted as a deter-

rent to the less strenuous type of angler, and the fact that it was seldom disturbed made it a veritable paradise for those who had the hardihood to seek it out.

Dearly as he loved Walton's "gentle art," my friend was always more than an angler. Along with his sport went a love for the world of beauty which some fishermen are ever too blind to see. To the man who has opened his soul to what Nature has to give, there is always a tinge of regret in meeting an outdoor man whose fishing is mere pot-hunting, and who never lifts his eyes long enough to behold the glories about him.

> A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

It has always seemed to the writer that a measure of spiritual perception is a capable aid to the better understanding of Nature. If one is looking merely for a heavy creel, there is small chance of interesting him in a towering mountain, spread with autumnal glory. But if he has gone forth in the morning in a spirit of humble worship, with heart receptive to the best, his life will be enriched by new experi-

ences and glad surprises from Nature's inexhaustible storehouse.

No man ever took the forest path in a more reverent and open mood than George Warburton. He counted himself one of the humblest of learners in God's great out-of-doors, but as a matter of fact he eventually became a naturalist of penetrating insight and profound understanding.

The wild flowers were his friends, and he watched in the spring for the coming of the trillium, the anemone, the violet and forget-me-not, and instead of treading them ruthlessly under his feet he would often sink down in a meadow to admire and commune with them. He knew them all with an intimacy that made it a delight to hear him converse about them.

On one memorable spring day we were fishing a stream in the Pocono region when the water was low and fishing was hard. It was before the days when fishing with the dry fly had attained popularity on this side of the ocean, and our wet flies were a failure on the dwindling stream. The sport grew dull and duller until we sat down at last on a flat rock for a rest at the foot of the cascade.

"Let's strike up over the mountain for trailing arbutus," he finally suggested.

"Did I understand you to say trailing rattlesnakes?" I inquired, for only the evening before we had listened to one of the natives as he told of a neighbor who had met his death from the bite of a reptile the previous summer.

"Nonsense," urged my friend, "rattlesnakes are not running wild all over that mountain, and our chance of seeing a snake is one in a million. Let's go!"

And go we did. Up and up, by a steady climb, until finally we were in a veritable bed of arbutus. The translucent, waxlike flowers covered the patches of shallow soil, and the vines clambered down over the bare rocks. We made wondrous wreaths for our old fishing hats, and boutonnières for our battered coats. My friend was like a boy again. He had not succeeded in his angling, but he had made a new discovery which caught his imagination and awakened his keen sense of beauty.

A subject in which we both had a deep interest was the fertilization of plants by insects. Many a time we have lain in the lush grass of a meadow and watched the "buccaneering bee" as he sought honey in a blossom, meantime

kicking industriously as he scattered the pollen on the wind. To Warburton, this simple sight was always evidence of divine purpose and design. He could get a sermon from such an incident that would impress him as deeply as anything he heard from the pulpit. "It is impossible," he would say, "for any thoughtful man to watch that process without admitting the existence and the wisdom of God."

No man ever loved birds of the forest more than he did, and none had a keener appreciation of their songs or their plumage. He was much interested in the scientific view that the bird song was originally a cry of fear, and that upon discovering their own capabilities, the birds had perfected their beautiful notes after much the same fashion that primitive man discovered music on the instruments of alarm which he used to summon his tribesmen against the common enemy.

One of his letters, which was highly characteristic, contained the following:

> We motored twenty miles there, and the same distance back, without getting a single trout, but we had ample reward for our journey, for on the way home we saw a gorgeous cock pheasant with his beautiful plumage

shining in the rays of the setting sun, and the sight itself was worth the journey.

Memory brings back another trip that included a long ride up the mountain in an old-fashioned "platform wagon." As we neared the summit, a pair of glorious tanagers flew across the road and alighted quite close to us on the top rail of an old stake-and-rider fence. He instantly commanded the wagon to stop, and we sat viewing the handsome birds until the male grew tired of our stares and passed a quiet intimation to the bride-elect, who quickly took the cue, and they were off over the tree-tops.

The essays of Thoreau made a strong appeal to him. The quaintness of style, as well as the phenomenal patience of the great writer in his intricate nature studies, gave our friend peculiar delight. Then, too, the fact that old Maine, "The Playground State," was the scene of many of Thoreau's researches lent added interest, because of the numerous vacations our angling party spent together in the Moosehead region.

John Burroughs was at once his friend and teacher in the realm of nature. He made fre-

quent pilgrimages to Woodchuck Lodge, the Catskill retreat of Mr. Burroughs, and many were the happy days of fellowship they spent together. They differed widely on various subjects, but they were brothers of the blood in their love of Nature, and in their insatiable desire to learn more of her secrets.

In his eagerness to perfect himself in the mysteries of the forest, our friend not only read widely on the subject, but he heeded the hints that Burroughs gave in his remarkable essay, "Sharp Eyes." This trait is revealed quite strikingly in letters and articles which he wrote about his own woods experiences. While he was the editor of Railroad Men, he wrote an article entitled, "A Day on A Deer Run, and Some Things I Saw," which is a good illustration of the way he used his eyes to spy upon the wild life about him, when he was following a forest trail.

He deprecated the way some of the naturalists treated William J. Long, and, particularly, some of the harsh things they printed about "Nature Fakers." He felt that it did not follow that a thing was necessarily untrue because some critic had not seen it happen. Later

developments in natural research have amply justified this charitable and kindly view.

If some of the more unsparing critics had been alive when Enos Mills wrote "Wild Life in the Rockies" and "Waiting in the Wilderness," his nomination to "the Ananias Club" would have been a foregone conclusion; yet those of us who have had the privilege of visiting Mr. Mills on the slopes of Long's Peak, and who have come to know at first hand his exceptional gift and marvelous patience as a student of wild life, would be quite as certain that he had told the truth, and, moreover, that he had gone much further into Nature's mysterious book than most of those who have criticized the nature essayists.

It was like Warburton to take the part of the under dog. He always deplored harsh comment, and his presence in a group of men discouraged anything that savored of unkindness in the conversation.

There was a purity to his mind that was of rare quality, and that is at its best when seen in a nature that is strongly masculine. Whatever the inclination of any man who knew him might have been, he would hardly have ventured either coarseness or profanity in his

presence. He was no prude, but he was "pure in heart," a member of that elect group that we are told "shall see God."

There is something in the term "Christian gentleman" that is particularly descriptive of our friend and fishing comrade. This was no pose on his part. It was not necessary for him to stop and think. The right attitude and the right word were instinctive. The fountain of his life was clear as crystal, hence the stream that proceeded from within was unsullied by any of those elements that defile.

He always saw the closest and most interesting analogies between the natural and the spiritual. This probably explains the fact that Henry Drummond's "Natural Law in The Spiritual World" was a prime favorite among his books. The striking relationships of Nature and the spirit, which the gifted Scotchman traced so skilfully in his fascinating volume, found complete response in Warburton's soul. For to him, Nature was always the open sesame to Nature's God. I believe that if he had ever missed the way, and come unhappily upon the hour when hope burns low in the heart, he would have recovered his sense of direction as quickly through a day on a trout

stream as in a day of fasting and prayer. Not that he did not believe heartily in devotion, no man ever believed in it more firmly, but he had more than one avenue to the Throne of Grace, and this fact helped to enrich his spiritual life and broaden his conceptions.

In Bliss Carman's beautiful and familiar bit, which he calls "Vestigia," he tells of a day when he set out to make a direct quest for God, but like one of old he sought for Him on the right hand and on the left hand, and could not behold Him. But, as he pursued his way through the forest, and the sun sank low in the west, he suddenly saw His footprint in the sod near the flame of a red lily. The song of a hermit thrush rang through the air, and in that song he heard His voice. The wind stirred the aspens along the brook, and he felt His hand upon his brow. He turned toward home, and as he faced the west, he

> Caught the glory of his robe
> Where the last fires of sunset burned.

To the naturalist of reverent mind, this experience, so beautifully described by Canada's laureate, is not only entirely intelligible, but it corresponds perfectly to the feelings which he

himself has often experienced. Nature "speaks a various language" to him, and her revelations are frequently more clear and striking than he can find otherwhere. The soul of our friend was peculiarly attuned to Nature's voice. The tender Mother had so often spoken to him in the quiet of solitude, that he had become her loyal, loving and obedient child. And in her softest whispers, as well as in the deep roll of her mighty thunder, he never failed to hear spiritual voices that helped him to say with assurance and fervor, "I believe in God, the Father almighty, Maker of heaven and earth."

Chapter VIII

ANECDOTE

A story, in which native humour reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains;
A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration, well applied;
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.

Cowper, "Conversation."

The raconteur's avocation is beset with many pitfalls and perils. We have all been witnesses to his dénouement as he has found himself compelled, not only to provide the entertainment, but also to furnish his own laughter, when an unfeeling audience has declined to feign amusement at his well-meant offering. Fortunate, indeed, have we been if we have altogether escaped his tragic fate.

Among the compensating benefits which the radio and the phonograph have brought to us, has been such a thorough airing of the mid-Victorian witticisms that he is indeed a brave

local humorist who has the temerity to exhume one of them for modern use. Yet this species of jester is not altogether extinct. No public dinner is entirely safe from that type of individual who, seized with a sudden desire to stir the risibilities, overcomes his native diffidence, temporarily, and with the felicitous and original preface, "I heard a good one the other day," proceeds to awaken memories of a previous incarnation.

"The boys are always disappointed unless I tell them a few stories," explained a stranger to me before the Annual Dinner at his church. Alas! Further and more accurate information revealed that it was himself who was disappointed, when he was left off the program, and "the boys" who were enraged and homicidal when he succeeded in persuading the toastmaster to grant him a hearing.

George Warburton was never a chronic story teller. He loved a new incident, with point and humor, and he could generally match it with one that was both apropos and cleverly told, but he was too well balanced to overplay his humorous side, and his culture included a thoughtful consideration of his friends. Clowning never appealed to him.

His life was rich in incident, serious and mirthful, with the sense of proportion so well adjusted that, though a fun-lover, with a great hearty laugh, none could ever mistake him for a man who had lost sight of the deeper issues, even momentarily. Those who were privileged to share the fellowship of the camp fire with him, and whose comrade he was in the work for the welfare of men, recall some of those interpretative happenings in which he figured, sometimes humorously, sometimes seriously, but always as "a kindly man, moving among his kind."

* * *

On one occasion in his early life he received a letter from a young Railroad secretary, who was just beginning to attract attention through his capable administration. This secretary had opened a small branch in another part of his field, and he wanted a man to take charge.

"He must be a man of fine personality," he wrote, "who has the necessary tact and ability to handle a group of two hundred railroad men. He must be a good business manager, and a spiritual leader who can organize and conduct successful Bible classes. We want a

man who will develop qualities that will fit him for larger service in the Railroad Association brotherhood, and who has the necessary background to prove himself a growing man. To such a secretary, we stand ready to pay a salary of fifty dollars per month."

Warburton's reply was brief and characteristic.

"If you find the man described in your letter," he wrote, "send him to me by the first train, and we will pay him a hundred."

* * *

One of the jokes which Warburton loved to tell on himself was of a certain Sunday evening, when a number of Railroad secretaries had gone out into the New Jersey fastnesses to assist in an Association meeting. They were returning at a late hour, making the last lap of their journey in a dingy horse-car which then performed crosstown service in lower New York. The group had grown silent and rather sleepy. Suddenly Clarence Hicks startled them with a question.

"Warburton," said he, "what do you do when things look dark?"

"Why, Clarence," he replied, "I have been

blessed with a hopeful disposition, which, of course, is no particular credit to me, but I do not know that I could honestly say that I have many of what men speak of as 'dark days.' The silver lining is always there, if we have the mind to see it, and my feeling is that Christian men should set an example of cheerfulness. I don't know why you ask the question, but what do *you* do at such times?"

Hicks slowly lifted a forefinger, and pointing to a sign just above the line of vision, read solemnly, "When things look dark, Use Sapolio."

* * *

A friend of ours had attained to a position of considerable prominence in the Association world, and in an unguarded moment sent out one of those dreaded documents, a questionnaire. They are well and not too favorably known in our organization since that time, but this incident happened at the incipient stage of the pestilence. What has since become a hackneyed caption was then considered an evidence of culture and advanced thought. After poor success with his maiden questionnaire, the gentleman experienced a change of heart, or at least of method, and his next request had

the heading "Questions." This is the answer he received from Warburton:

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
He used the Frenchy "questionnaire"
When he asked for replies.
But when his wisdom mellow grew,
And he got off his perch,
He found a word his brethren knew
To help him in his search.
And now the man in our town
Who was so wondrous wise,
Just sends his simple "questions" out
And gets complete replies!

* * *

To those of us who have recklessly accepted invitations to go out and hit the white caps with him on Balsam Lake, only to regret it later, when *mal de mer* laid its heavy hand upon us a mile or two from shore, it is difficult to believe that our friend was not a born navigator. Sitting joyously at the wheel, taking the white caps and rollers at the topmost speed of his engine, he would laugh heartily at the discomfiture of the poor sailors in the bow.

"Weak stomach, eh?" he would jeer. "Well, this is just the medicine you need," and he

would plow ahead, deaf to all appeals to return to shore.

He was not, however, to the manner born. His later skill was all acquired. His good friend, Henry Ninde, relates that in his Watertown days, Warburton used to fish in company with his pastor, Dr. Parsons, in the Thousand Islands section. They used a skiff for their excursions, and it transpired later that Mr. Ninde was negotiating with his pastor for the purchase of the boat. As the prospective customer was hesitating, the dominie added one more "talking point."

"I can guarantee that the boat is absolutely indestructible," he said, "for on many occasions I have let George Warburton handle the sail, and he never once failed to run her head on, at full speed, straight into the rocky shore."

This convinced Mr. Ninde that the "old green boat" was perfectly seaworthy, and he laid the money on the line.

"For more than twenty years she served us faithfully," he writes. "She would carry the seven of us safely, and my oldest boy fitted it out with a twelve-yard sail, and three of them

could lie straight over the gunwale in a breezy run across the channel at the park."

* * *

One of his contemporaries happily fell heir to a trip through the Orient. He was engaged in the Railroad Association, and upon returning home he made his experiences into an illustrated lecture, with slides of all the places he had visited, and also pictures of interesting and prominent people. One of the slides shown revealed a reproduction of his railroad passes, issued by the Oriental lines as a courtesy to the Railroad Association work. Upon hearing the lecture and seeing the pictures, our friend sent him the following:

Wondrous is the power he has,
In the lands beyond the sea,
Everywhere he bears a pass,
Though it be denied to me.

In Manchuria, in Shanghai,
In Korea, and Japan,
Where the rates are very high
He is passed—the lucky man!

Guess that it will always be
He will boast of passes given;
Even in eternity,—
He'll not pay his way to Heaven.

An incident that my friend greatly delighted in, because the joke was on himself, was one which he was always encouraging me to tell to groups of his friends, although he would invariably introduce the subject by informing the listeners that I had manufactured the story out of whole cloth.

When I was a beginner at the art of fly fishing, we were on a stream together and were having poor success.

"I've fooled around with your silly flies as long as I'm going to," I announced at last, "and here's where I put on a nice, fat worm."

Warburton was visibly pained. He counseled me that such a course was suicidal if I ever expected to become an expert with flies, and added a word to the effect that an angler could not deliberately take a step down without compromising his ideals. If he were willing to go through life as a bait fisherman, well and good; but if, on the other hand, he aspired to the more scientific form of angling, he could not hope to attain it if he was forever becoming discouraged and reverting to the more primitive method.

I listened with mock respect, and when he

had finished, I remarked, "Fine speech! Izaak Walton was a worm fisherman, was he not?"

While he was thinking of the answer, I carefully impaled the worm on the hook and proceeded on down the stream.

When I came to New York to succeed him, I frequently found myself fishing streams on which my predecessor was well known. One summer afternoon my wanderings led me down the quiet curves of Swamp River, but though I stuck faithfully to my flies until the end of the day, the results were disappointing. The bends were deep and dark, and I concluded that the stream was not a suitable one for fly fishing, and that bait would be better.

That evening, by the light of the farmer's kerosene lantern, I went forth to dig a can of worms. As I was busy at my labors, I heard the tap of a cane and the shuffling of feet in the darkness, as some one approached down the cinder path. It proved to be the oldest settler who loomed out of the darkness. He had seen the light of the lantern in an unusual spot and, fearing that he might possibly miss something, had come down to investigate.

"Aw, diggin' wu'ms, be ye?" he inquired. "Naow, this man Wabberton, who useto come

here, he was a great feller fer to git 'em, and he never dug his wu'ms at night. He allus dug 'em in the mawnin'. Kep' 'em livelier, he said, fer to dig 'em in the mawnin'."

I encouraged my informant to go on, for he was giving me dollar-a-word stuff, but suddenly sensing that I was too eager for further revelations, the old man turned around and departed as he had come.

The moral of this story, if there be a moral, is that angling ideals are sometimes higher when we have company than when we are alone.

* * *

One evening around the campfire, Warburton regaled us with a story at the expense of another member of the party, which had to do with a hunting expedition. It seemed that the gentleman in question happened to see the alluring headline, "Ducks in Peconic Bay," which was the direct progenitor of a great idea. Accoutered like two deep sea divers, and armed *cap-a-pie,* Bwana Tumbo and his wife set off two hours before daylight the following morning to make a killing.

Arrived at the huntsman's Eldorado, they strolled up the coast in the dim light of the

morning, keeping a sharp lookout for web-footed fowl.

Suddenly the huntsman stopped short in his tracks. "Ducks," he whispered ever so softly to his palpitating spouse.

This was luck, indeed! Stealthily they crept forward, overjoyed that the flock did not rise, until at last, our hero was within range. He took careful aim, and the roar of his blunderbuss rent the morning air. There was not a flutter among the flock, but a New York millionaire jumped from an artfully concealed blind, his face livid with rage.

"Look here, sir," he screamed. "What in blazes do you mean by firing on my decoys?"

* * *

Our friend may never have wasted his substance on oil wells or gold mining stocks, but in common with most of us, he made some weird purchases. Preëminent among these was a side hill farm in a remote corner of the Catskill country.

The soil, if such it could be called, was black shale; the approach, while possible by aërial transportation, was well-nigh proof against any form of land locomotion; the house was of

pre-revolutionary vintage and had at some time been painted red. Once his friends had seen the place, it became the butt of many pleasantries. Grandiloquent names were suggested for it, offers running into the millions were made for it, and in a hundred ways the owner was made sorry that he ever saw it.

After the title had passed he bethought him of a survey. The deed called for ninety-seven acres, and the purchaser determined to verify its correctness.

In a few days the surveyor, blue-print in hand, called to make his report.

"You got the best of them, Mr. Warburton," he announced. "You only paid for ninety-seven acres, and you have one hundred and fifteen!"

The landed proprietor took the proffered blue-print, gazed at it somewhat ruefully, and finally replied, "I'm poorer than I thought I was."

* * *

The writer has cooked enough meals for his angling comrade to know that, although a man of high and exalted conceptions, he was not indifferent to the requirements of the inner man. He was an epicure, albeit with a grace

and kindness about him that enabled him to adapt himself to the humblest of farmhouse fare, and enjoy it with the same relish he would have shown at a ten-course banquet.

We were booming along through a rain-storm in his little coupé one day, when I commanded the chariot to stand still. Through the storm-washed window panes I had beheld a sight that filled me with interest. We were opposite an orchard, the month was October, and the high wind preceding the rain storm had littered the ground with big yellow apples. I came back with a hatful of them.

"Now that you have them, what are you going to do with them?" he asked.

"Make you a pan of fresh apple sauce such as your mother would have made but couldn't," was my extravagant announcement.

When we arrived at his little camp, "Under the Cedars," I was grateful that chemistry and good fortune came to my aid, and the apple sauce turned out all right. The generous compliments he bestowed, interspersed with less generous personal references, still linger in memory.

As an illustration of his appreciation of a well conducted culinary department, his trib-

ute to the good woman who fed his party on an expedition to Rice Bay is worth appending.

MRS. BROWN.

We may forget the fishing,
We may forget the fish,
We may forget the water in the bay;
But I'm sure we'll all remember,
In accordance with our wish,
The meals for which we didn't have to pay.

It was Mrs. Brown, her sauces—
Such as apple sauce and plum—
It was Mrs. Brown, her beefsteak,
Her potatoes and her pie;
It was Mrs. Brown, her pancakes—
We rejoiced to see them come
Through the kitchen door in steaming piles and high.

But if such a thing should happen
When we reach the busy town,
Not a man of all the party
(To say nothing of the boys),
In the midst of hurly-burly,
And the city's horrid noise,
Will forget her fancy cooking—
Let us drink to Mrs. Brown.

For it's Mrs. Brown that makes it,
Not the dinghy or the punt,
Not the marshes of the bay,
Not the dark or sunny day,

Not the bass or pike or pick'rel,
Not the ducks or geese or deer.
It is always Mrs. Brown,
And the food she serves to all,
That really makes me say
I willingly would stay
Where Mrs. Brown is cooking
Until the Judgment Day.
She, and she alone's the making
Of old Rice Bay.

* * *

We were swapping yarns around the fire one evening, on the innocent blunders that had come to our notice, when Pearsall contributed a gem concerning a good society woman, who was very fond of her grandchildren, George and Mary, and not too familiar with Holy Writ.

It appeared that Pearsall had appointed her to lead a Committee of Patronesses for a big event, and the duties of her executive position had her worried. She betrayed this nervousness several times, and finally he said to her:

"Mrs. Blankenship, you worry too much. I believe you would be happier if you were less of a Martha and more of a Mary."

"Maybe so," said the good lady innocently, "Mary was always more like her grandfather."

This reminded Warburton of a fishing experience he had with a back country clergyman, when Prince Alberts were in flower. Our friend was coaching him in the art of casting, but with poor success.

"I am afraid, Mr. Jones," he finally said, "that casting is not your long suit."

"No," replied Mr. Jones, with rare naïveté, "my long suit's the one I preach in."

* * *

No man loved innocent mischief more than our boyish-hearted friend. "The Three Musketeers"—Warburton, Pearsall and myself—were at one of our favorite haunts in the Pocono region. We were guests at a humble farmhouse where ham was the staff of life. Had we not been "Gentiles according to the flesh," we would have been in a bad way.

It was our custom to arise at the first blush of dawn, and our ablutions were performed in a galvanized iron wash basin which we filled, each in his turn, with ice-cold rain water dipped from a tub that had been made by sawing an old barrel in two.

Warburton was first in the line and had completed his morning's splash and seated

himself on a nearby bench. Pearsall was now at the wash basin where he was clearly enjoying a glorious time. I stood in line. The path from the back door to the rude washstand was strewn with loose barrel staves, in the absence of stepping-stones, and this fact set free an idea in our friend's mind.

As Pearsall continued his splashing, with evident joy, he was well stooped over, and his khaki trousers were drawn tightly across the basement of his anatomy.

Warburton gleefully pointed to the barrel stave and then to the opportunity. The pantomimic hint was eagerly accepted, the barrel stave sang through the air, and the resounding impact brought the sleepers in the farmhouse from their beds.

With a howl of pain and rage, the ungrateful recipient of my courtesy threw the icy contents of the wash basin full in my face, and the battle was on. We went down with fists and feet flying, abandoning the warfare only when we were both thoroughly winded. When we sat up, we beheld our friend rolling on the grass in a most ungraceful manner, while his shrieks of laughter rent the forest air. That we did not both turn on him is proof positive that

the angler is a forgiving sort of animal, whose wrongs are quickly forgotten when the aroma of the coffee-pot reaches his olfactories, and the rising sun glints over the tree-tops, indicating fair weather and prospects of "a tight line."

* * *

A chapter such as this would be incomplete without touching upon his happy experiences with children. A wealth of incidents of his friendships with the little folks might profitably be related. Out of many delightful poems and letters to children, we choose this pretty greeting to his newborn granddaughter, as fittingly illustrating his interest in the little ones.

LITTLE MISS WHAT'S YOUR NAME.

Cold time to come to a world like this,
Through the gateway from unknown bliss,
Out of the realms where angels keep
Loving watch if you wake or sleep;
Why did you choose such a time to come
To this strange land, so far from home?

Well, you are here, so we'll do our best
To make you feel that this world is blest
With angels too. Just open your eyes,
And some day you'll see, with glad surprise,
The face of an angel bent above
Your little crib with a look of love.

I hope, dear little Miss What's Your Name,
You'll learn that love is always the same;
And that earthly angels don't have any wings
But that one is near when your mother sings.
They say, and I really think it's true,
She's most like an angel when watching you.

* * *

As I chronicle these recollections in the solitude of my own little camp in the Berkshires, the soft breath of September wafts innumerable memories of other days across the multicolored hills. I hear again the music of the brook, the singing of the birds of spring, and the plash of leaping trout. Closing my eyes for a moment in reverie, I can almost catch the sound of footsteps approaching from up the stream. In pent-up expectancy I strain my ears just once more for the cheery question, "What luck?" Then the dream is over, I awake again to life's realities, and address myself to the task in hand. But as I resume my work the strains of an old Gospel hymn come floating into mind. The opening words are, "Not now, but in the coming years."

Chapter IX

BOOKS

That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their
counsels.

Beaumont and *Fletcher,* "The Elder Brother."

It was an ancient and somewhat sated sage who wrote, "Of making many books, there is no end." However apt the aphorism might have been in his own day, it is even more so in these later times. The printing presses grind and grind, and much of what issues therefrom is of small credit to the creators.

"O that mine enemy would write a book," was the expressed wish of a still earlier philosopher, who doubtless felt that, however invulnerable his foe had been previously, he would inevitably expose the heel of Achilles, once he committed himself to the printed page.

The unburied dead that strew the way, slain by their own fulminations, convey an impressive lesson to all who feel the writing urge. We do not wonder that Robert W. Service dedicates one of his recent books with this petition:

> Dear Lord, forgive my literary sins,
> The other ones don't matter.

In early church chronicles we read an interesting story of the bonfire of books. The converts, having seen the light, brought forth their books and parchments, of whose possession they were now thoroughly ashamed, and a meaningful bonfire was lighted in the streets of Ephesus. If history might now repeat itself, on a vastly larger scale, with bonfires as close together as the ancient signal fires of the primal tribes, there might be a universal purging that would accomplish miracles for the mental health of the race.

Meantime, the quality of selectivity is one to which readers must give increasing attention, if they would protect their libraries from a malignant scourge. We have fallen upon a day when coveted prizes are bestowed upon books that would hardly have been sent through the mails fifteen years ago.

On the mantelpiece, over the fireplace in George Warburton's library, there was a choice bit of hand carving which stated a highly interpretative fact.

It was a quotation from Carlyle:

"THE TRUE UNIVERSITY OF THESE DAYS IS A COLLECTION OF BOOKS"

His library was worthy of that fine inscription. There was no cord-wood there, no material for the bonfire, no book that could not stand the clear light of day, no book that did not constitute a tribute to the judgment and taste of the man who had slowly and patiently built up this splendid library throughout a long term of years.

In their red, blue, black, and green bindings, they stood ranged along the shelves as the companions of his meditative hours. No forbidding glass doors shut him away from them. They were always accessible to the easy reach of his hand. What a delightful corner that was in his hospitable home! His means did not permit him to plunge heavily on rare editions, yet he had a few, and he prized them with the pride of the connoisseur. But, for the most part, the library was cultural and utilitarian.

It combined the elements of the university and the workshop, for here he had the tools of his profession, and here he stored his mind, as he prepared one of his inspiring addresses, or wrote one of his whimsical articles for a periodical or a newspaper.

Though a man of books, he was not in any sense a bookish man. A great churchman said, "When books master a preacher, they are his foes; when a preacher masters books, they are his good friends." This pithy statement is no truer of the preacher than of any other book lover. Warburton practiced the art of making friends of his books.

There was nothing of the literary tyrant about him, whose favorite weapons are "Have you read ——?" and "Well, you ought to!" He was nobody's gratuitous literary coach, but he shared, in a delicious way, the gems he had culled from his reading.

He did not memorize readily, nor was his memory particularly retentive, and for this shortcoming he used to berate himself unmercifully. Nevertheless, he had at his command a wealth of quotation selected from the better sources, and generally available at the time he needed it most.

Discrimination was the dominant trait of his reading. His old fishing coat sheltered many a fine little classic, as he sallied forth on occasion for a day's outing. When he grew tired, he would sit down in the shade for a rest. His hand would go toward the deep pocket, and out would come some wholesome poem or essay which he would read eagerly and thoughtfully. Both time and place were then favorable for literary culture, and his very soul would feed upon the chosen book, as the brook purled by at his feet.

We shall all probably leave many tasks undone when the day arrives for the crossing, but I shall always wish that he might have had five more years for the doing of a task referred to elsewhere in this volume. If he could have written just one book, the content of which he had clearly in mind, he would have put his best lifeblood into it, and would have left to his friends and to the cause he loved, a distinctive contribution. Ah, well! Life's withheld completions are after all only one more intimation of immortality—only one more promise that

> We'll catch the broken threads again
> And finish what we here began.

Memory goes back to the days when I used to run down from Scranton, sometimes for business but more frequently a combination of business and pleasure. This latter item consisted in a day with my friend and a night at his home in Tarrytown. He would stand for two or three interruptions, as we attempted to visit in his office, but then he would reach for his hat and say, "Come on, let's get out of here!"

He would lead the way to Fifth Avenue for a stroll either up or down that fascinating thoroughfare. My problem was to get him past the book-shops, but in the majority of instances the attempt ended in failure, and we found ourselves inside, exposed to the most seductive way of getting rid of money that could possibly befall the booklover.

We have often gone out "stony broke," but with happy hearts, and with bundles under our arms that meant more than money could possibly mean. He would be exuberant in his boyish happiness over his new possession, and would paint a picture of how he would sit in jacket and slippers for the next three or four evenings revelling in the contents. It was that sort of a love that he revealed for books. It

was not at all a question of being able to say he had read this or that, it was rather a matter of having a volume or two which he greatly wanted, and in which he could browse to his heart's content.

Some of the discussions we have had on the subject of profitable reading come back with peculiar vividness. One thing upon which we differed sharply was on the subject of detective stories. He would shake his head dubiously as he glanced along one of my library shelves and read such titles as "The Sign of The Four," "A Study in Scarlet," "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," and other inscriptions that told of the exploits of Doyle's peerless sleuth, and expounded "the science of deduction." He leaned rather toward biography, essays, and the classics. When Frank Pearsall was with us, as he often was on such evenings, I had good backing. In fact, he went much farther than myself and swallowed Nick Carter at a gulp.

"Neither of you will ever know anything about real detection," he would say, "until you read Nick Carter. He was a red-blooded detective, not a pedantic theorist!"

We were of one mind and heart when it came to the poets, and no argument could be started on that phase of the subject. Many an evening's conversation comes back when, seated around the campfire, our angling party talked of nothing else than the delight we had experienced in fellowship with our favorite bards.

As I look back upon it now, I am persuaded that it was profitable conversation. How could we have employed the evening to better advantage? Our hearts warmed as we reviewed such gems as "Snowbound," "To a Water Fowl," "The Chambered Nautilus," "The Daffodils," "My Garden," "Idyls of the King," and dozens of others that stood high in our affections. It gives our camping expeditions an added flavor when these delightful talks are recalled to memory. At least, there is nothing in such conversation to regret. It left no place for unkindness, or carping criticism, or deprecatory words about others, and when we slept, it was with a peace of mind that would have been impossible had the evening been spent in an unworthy manner.

Just as Warburton was our leader in many other phases of life, so it was he who led us

all into the secret of the love of good books. His unusual library suggested to several of us the necessity of building up libraries of our own instead of depending upon others. His wholesome passion for good literature communicated itself to his companions. Most of all, the very apparent benefit which he had received from his wide reading led us to desire to follow his example, in the hope that we, too, might share in the type of education and refinement he had experienced in fellowship with the better kind of books.

One of his old friends says of his early days: "He was ever alert to interest younger men in the reading of books that were worth while. Habitually he sought to kindle in the hearts of others the flame which glowed in his own. How well I remember his eager, 'Listen to this,' as we sat often in front of his open fire, he with his book, and I looking at the leaping flames. Then he would read some paragraph that had struck his fancy, giving it added force and beauty because of his own appreciation. And then with emotion, 'Isn't that fine!' I am no longer young. Books are now one of my major passions. How much I owe Warburton for the impact of his life upon

mine during those early days when we were both young!"

While it could not be said of him that he was "a man of one book," it is equally true that he placed the Bible in a sacred category entirely by itself. Other books might contain wisdom, and charm, and beauty, but the Bible contained the message of eternal life. It had a place in his affections that was all its own. No other book could even enter the outer courts. Though a champion of no school of theology, or theory of inspiration, the Bible to him was the Book of Books, the Word of God, the revelation of God in Christ. He had no quarrel with it. He drank it in as the water of life to a thirsty soul. He believed as implicitly as did his mentor, Izaak Walton, the inscription on the flyleaf of the ancient angler's Bible:

> Every hour I read you kills a sin,
> Or lets a virtue in
> To fight against it.

Chapter X

WRITER

Ah, ye knights of the pen! May honour be your shield, and truth tip your lances! Be gentle to all gentle people. Be modest to women. Be tender to children. And as for the Ogre Humbug, out sword, and have at him!—

Thackeray, "Roundabout Papers."

When Bacon made his celebrated statement, "Writing maketh an exact man," he put his accurate finger upon one, but only one, of the many values of writing. In a modern business man's advice to young men, he includes this precept: "Write one editorial a week." He gives this counsel with the full understanding that his readers are not editors, nevertheless his suggestion is cogent and sound. It is not merely for the art of being exact that he prescribes such a mental exercise, but for the growth of the mind, the strengthening of creative thought, and the expansion of the vocabulary.

Emerson probably states the ideal condition when he asserts, "The writer, like the priest, must be exempted from secular labor. His work needs a frolic health; he must be at the top of his condition." The Sage of Concord does not, however, append any formula for finding three meals a day in this idyllic existence, hence we must assume that his reference is mainly to successful professionals. The growing man should do some creative writing every week, even though he never has the slightest idea of printing a line of it.

He should do this to compel himself to think through his opinions on selected subjects, and to set those ideas down in the best English of which he is capable. Then, instead of having a few scattered and fugitive thoughts, he will have something permanent for his file, representing his mature and careful thinking on various themes. A book of synonyms should lie within easy reach in order that he may avoid redundancy of expression, and keep clear of the snare of his favorite words. No simpler or more effective stimulus to original thought and certain growth lies ready to the hand of the busy man.

George Warburton was variously referred

to as "poet" and "author." He lightly but promptly disclaimed both descriptions, for while he seriously strove for fineness of expression, both in poetry and prose, he declined to take his literary gifts as seriously as his friends would have thought entirely proper.

His "Life of George A. Hall" was written under great pressure, yet it reflects, both in its thoughtful arrangement and in many of its fine passages, a degree of ability that is unmistakable.

Elsewhere in these pages some of his choice little symphonies have been recorded, and the reader will see for himself how admirably they breathe the spirit of the man, and how unmistakably they reveal high literary standards.

The whimsical note is always to the fore in his prose writings, and this was especially true in the essays of his later life.

Some of the best things he did, however, were those unpremeditated little poems that seem to have been written upon the spur of the moment. The friendship of Dr. van Dyke and himself was largely predicated upon an incident that occurred when the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was meeting in New York some years ago.

Van Dyke's "Little Rivers" was relatively new then, but his delightful poem "An Angler's Wish In Town" had become the common property of all the fishing fraternity. There was no stream on which you could not hear them quoting

> I'm only wishing
> To go a-fishing,
> For this the month of May was made.

As Warburton mused upon the perfect May weather and pictured van Dyke imprisoned in the Moderator's chair of the General Assembly the irony of the situation so amused him that he wrote a rejoinder to the famous poem, which was printed the next evening in the *New York Sun.*

A CONFIDENCE.

To Henry van Dyke, Author of "An Angler's Wish in Town."

> This is the month of May, my friend,
> And I an angler, forced to stay,
> Where Presbyterians talk, contend,
> Throughout the long hours of the day:
> As you will probably recall,
> 'Twas I who wrote, "I'm weary trade,
> I'm only wishing to go a-fishing,
> For this the month of May was made."

When floods of words flow unrestrained,
And disputations glow with heat;
When great committees I have named,
Rise to address me from their seat,
My mind is often far away,
I think, Alas, 'twas I who said,
"I'm only wishing to go a-fishing,
For this the month of May was made."

Of all inscrutable decrees,
That men can never understand,
The strangest that in scenes like these,
I hold a gavel in my hand!—
Give me a rod, a reel, a line,
And let me walk the quiet glade,
"I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made."

Van Dyke was highly amused when he saw this poem in the *Sun* and the exchanges between himself and the author were the real beginnings of a fine friendship that later took them to Newfoundland in each other's company and gave them a growing appreciation of each other.

Several members of our angling party had gone with great expectations to a stream on the Pocono Mountains, where there were splendid trout to be had, but where it was necessary that conditions be exactly right, or

the trip would surely end in failure. Just as breakfast was finished and our anticipations were at their highest, the squeaky little whistle of the saw-mill engine split the air, and gloomy glances were at once exchanged. They only operated this little mill about once in a fortnight and we, alas, had come at the unfortunate time.

"It's no use," despaired Troch, "nobody can catch a trout when the splash is on the Tobyhanna."

Warburton could adjust himself to such a disappointment with the utmost good nature. The rhythm in the remark of our companion caught his ear, and he at once retired to the dingy old writing room of the hotel. In a few minutes he was back and regaled us with the following:

WHEN THE SPLASH IS ON THE TOBYHANNA.

When the splash is on the Tobyhanna,
Trout won't bite;
No matter what the day is,
Whether dark or bright.
No matter what the bait is,
No matter how you try,

You may fish it with a minnow,
    You may fish it with a fly.
You may wade until your waders
    Go entirely out of sight;
When the splash is on the Tobyhanna,
    Trout won't bite.

Since the splash is on the Tobyhanna,
    I will go,
With very great reluctance,
    Away from Pocono.
Some day I'll be returning,
    With my rod and creel and net,
And my heart like fire burning,
    For the fish I'll capture yet.
And I'll angle in the morning,
    And I'll angle late at night.
When the splash is off the Tobyhanna,
    Trout will bite.

That beautifully modest poet, Sam Walter Foss, famous for "The House By The Side of The Road," wrote a choice bit of verse some years ago, entitled "The Unexpressed." It had to do with the unrealized visions, the unfinished symphonies of life. If we are at all worth while, we shall have so many irons in the fire, so many "enterprises of great pith and moment" in the making, when we muster out, that their completion would require another

lifetime. To have caught the vision of great achievement is of inestimable value, even though we may never get the time to bring it down to earth. "A man's reach must exceed his grasp, else what's a heaven for?"

Our friend's final summons found him just at the introductory stages of a book which he fully expected to complete and publish as a sort of capsheaf to his life service. The book was to be entitled "The Working Faith of a Layman."

To those who have had the privilege of reading the synopsis, a conviction has persisted that, if the volume had been completed, it would have led many a layman out of the fog and into the clear light of faith. Seven chapters had been quite thoroughly laid out in his notebook at the time that death compelled him to lay down his pen. A careful reading of the notes assures one that he would have attained to heights hitherto unreached, had the opportunity been allowed him to complete the work.

Those who knew him will understand that no dogmatism was contemplated, that no peremptory command was to be laid upon men to believe, and that no preconceived opinions were to be put forth; rather the book was to

abound in that persuasive reasoning, that appealing confidence, that inherent conviction, that were so characteristic of his own religion.

It is significant that he had an irreducible minimum of Christian faith, as the body of his belief, which was not open to the suggestion of compromise. To such great truths as the Fatherhood of God, the Deity of Christ, the immortality of the soul, the revelation of the Bible, the efficacy of prayer, and similar essentials he held with tenacious grasp. On non-essentials none could be more generous and charitable; on the basic facts of faith, the fixed stars in the firmament of truth, none was more uncompromising.

How the man in the street needs just such a volume as "The Working Faith of a Layman" would have been, as he faces his problems on Monday morning! We can all manage fairly well when we are in church. It is when we front the events and problems of a busy week that we need a "working faith," a groundwork of belief and conviction that makes us resolve to stand with those who hold up and protect ideals, and who adhere steadfastly to the higher principles of living, "where cross the crowded ways of life." It was to

steady and help his fellow mortals amid the crash and roar of the city, where faith is in danger of being abandoned or forgotten, that our friend had planned his unfinished book.

To one possessing the poetic instinct to such a remarkable degree as he did, it is second nature to seek expression in verse. The soul of the bard aims to give birth to music and meter. It is no surprise, therefore, in going over the private papers of our friend, to find a great number of poems on a wide variety of subjects. A considerable number of these have been published in various periodicals, but for the most part, he merely wrote them and put them in his scrapbook. Many of them were just impulses of the moment, but even these have that lofty note that was so characteristic of all his writings.

At heart he was a hymnologist. He was keenly conscious of the wealth which the Church possesses in her great hymns, and his address on "The Story of The Hymns" was one of his finest. Can I ever forget the fervor with which he sang when we stood up in the last religious service we were permitted to attend together?

It was in a rude old schoolhouse in northern

Canada. A vigorous Scotchman of sixty, with cheeks bronzed by the weather, was the preacher. He was a sky pilot of the lumberjacks, and rumor had it that a twenty-mile walk, with the thermometer fifteen degrees below zero, was a mere incident in his day's work, when his spiritual consolation was needed in some distant lumber camp.

There was no musical instrument. The opening of the service was entirely informal. "Let us worship God, singing Hymn Number Twenty-two," said the minister. "Please stand and sing."

There are those among us, in this age of pseudo-intellectualism, who are vastly troubled about the "theology" of our hymns. They would like to have the hymnal rewritten, and the majestic hymns of the church revised and improved to suit their particular tastes. Our friend was not one of these. His theology grew, as does that of every growing man, but he revelled in those fine old-fashioned hymns whose phraseology was so profound and whose spirituality was so deep and moving.

The mellowing experience of forgetting theological notions, temporarily, and entering into the full enjoyment of an old hymn, is a

stimulus to the spiritual faculty. How often we have done exactly this at Association gatherings, when our beloved comrade, Clarence Willis, has yielded to the urgent request to sing "Palms of Victory" once again. He has probably sung that song for us hundreds of times, yet regardless of age or personal views, laymen and secretaries press upon him to sing it again. Who among us ever gives the theology of the hymn as much as a passing thought? We revel, rather, in the grand message of the life beyond, and in the feeling rendition of the song by our valued friend.

Neither of us was in quibbling mood that morning, in the old schoolhoue. We were there to worship. Hymn Number 22 opened as follows:

God loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall.
Salvation full at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

Then came the magnificent refrain:

O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me,
That brought my Saviour from above
To die on Calvary.

The melody, it will be remembered, is tremendously appealing. The minister led with real spirit, pitching the tune exactly on the key. We all joined with fervor. My companion "wist not that his face shone," but as I glanced at him I saw that spiritual calm and peace which lighted up his face on so many occasions.

Later, we sang "O Come to My heart, Lord Jesus," and as a closing hymn, "I hear Thy welcome voice." The minister preached a fine, vigorous sermon on "Life's Opportunities," using as his text the familiar passage, "And they compel one Simon, a Cyrenian, to bear His cross."

Afterward in his letters, our friend referred feelingly and at length to the profit and inspiration of that humble service in the Canadian woods.

Mr. Warburton wrote nearly one hundred hymns, but perhaps the one that lives in most of our minds is his "Anniversary Hymn," Number 318 in the Association Hymnal:

For all that Thou, O Lord, hast wrought,
In lifting up the life of men;
For every wanderer love has brought
Back to the Shepherd's fold again;

Our hearts would render praise to Thee,
Our Saviour, Man of Galilee.

For those who here have found a rest
From weariness, or ease from pain;
For every effort Thou hast blest,
For burdened hearts which sing again;
We all would render praise to Thee,
Our Saviour, Man of Galilee.

That here the stranger finds a home,
Where friends in social converse meet;
And those who seek for knowledge come,
Perchance to find it at Thy feet;
We join in giving praise to Thee,
Our Saviour, Man of Galilee.

For guidance in the future years,
And blessings richer, deeper still;
And love to share each other's tears,
For quick discernment of Thy will:—
Our hearts look up, O Lord, to Thee,
Our Saviour, Man of Galilee.

Several of his other hymns found their way into various hymnals, and have been sung with profit and blessing for many years. He was one of the editors of our first Association Hymnal, a noble collection of masculine hymns, to the selection of which he gave many hours of careful thought.

At the request of Mr. Willis, of the Employed Officers' Insurance Alliance, Warburton wrote a birthday greeting, which was sent to his brother secretaries on the occasion of their birthdays as they came along through the year. He accompanied this contribution with a letter of protest in which he alleged that he was "no good at writing occasional verses," yet many of his friends who received this felicitous greeting insisted upon holding a radically different view.

A BIRTHDAY MEDITATION.

A birthday, yes, so far as Time goes,
  Another year is gone. But life is longer
Than our measuring stick.
  Behind us birthdays, back to a first cry,
Or smile, and a fond Mother's joy
  At the birth of a man child.
But did we not live in God in the eternities?
  Life is not limited to measuring calendars,
Or by the flight of Time. We live forever
  Because we live in God, who cannot die.
The Great Conservor husbands, in various forms,
  All that exists, no single atom lost.
So I am sure He will not waste a soul
  Made in his image, and renewed in Christ.
I laugh at Time's destructiveness, knowing well
  The pledge of immortality is mine,

Mine in God's well beloved Son.
Welcome another step towards a perfect understanding,
Welcome another sign post in my journey
Towards the unclouded light, and knowledge of the timeless life.

Though not in poetic form, there was a wealth of poetic expression in the prose symphonies which he wrote as greetings to his friends. One or two samples of these appear in other sections of the book, but we cannot resist the temptation to quote still another one in closing this chapter. He wrote no brief bit that more fully revealed his purity of heart.

MY RESOLVE

I will make this a New Year, indeed. New in motive, allowing nothing but the highest to control me; new in thoughts and feelings, driving out of my mind and heart all that is ignoble and unworthy; new in activities, taking up no work with hand or brain that will not tend to the elevation and enlargement of human life; new in the cultivation and practice of friendship that I may fulfill the purposes of my relationships with others; new in the appreciation of all forms of beauty in nature, in art, and in the mind of man, in the sky, lit by its great luminaries, in any vast expanse or any little spot of earth on which my eye may rest, well knowing that Beauty robes herself with various coverings and waits

with eager patience to disclose her charms to any one who may be blessed with needed vision. And when I see a graceful statue, or stand before a fine painting, or any other work of human genius, or hear sweet music in field or hall, I will resolutely open the channels of my nature to its æsthetic influence that thus I may be brought into fuller harmony with the ideal.

I will use books, too, for my help in a new way, seeking to find the best of them and the best in them, and I will not merely pile up their knowledge in the storehouse of my mind, but will feed my soul with it also, that I may grow in mental and moral strength and fiber.

And I will do all this with cheerfulness and a merry heart, living so that the little children will love me because I shall grow to be something like them in gentleness and self-effacement, and I will remember, too, that the great Master said that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." If I can thus live out my resolve I shall have in very truth, A Happy New Year.

Chapter XI

LETTERS

The artificial phrases that so often creep into our business correspondence have no place in a friendly letter. There is no foundation so secure upon which to build a lasting structure of friendship as absolute truth and transparent sincerity. A letter should be a true picture of the writer. If compliments are paid, they must be sincere. The recognition of others' virtues and strong points are matters of extreme importance. Friendship is always on a voyage of discovery to find excellences in others, which they may not yet have seen.—*George A. Warburton.*

"Warburton is barking up the wrong tree this time," said a mutual acquaintance to me ten or a dozen years ago. "He has an idea that there is a big place for the ministry of friendly letters, but I do not think he will meet with much response. Men are too busy nowadays to pay a great deal of attention to beautiful letters, and besides they haven't the time to answer them. I admit that the thought is a rather pretty one, and quite like him, but I am afraid he is doomed to disappointment."

How marvelously easy it is to pass a wholly erroneous opinion upon the vision of another man! "Paul, thou art beside thyself," cried Festus, "much learning hath made thee mad!" Subsequent history has been a rather severe commentary upon the superficial judgment of the affable Roman.

When George Warburton first devised, out of his own remarkable originality, the idea of the ministry of friendly correspondence, he hit upon a rational method of nurturing friendships, comforting hearts, encouraging effort, and changing lives. Moreover, he passed to his brethren in Association work a hint of how, with relatively little effort, they could multiply their influence a thousandfold.

True enough, the world is full of men who place no value on friendship. When a well known university professor can give an interview to a newspaper, in which he declares friendship to be a myth, based entirely upon utilitarian standards, and ceasing automatically when one can no longer use the other advantageously, it lends color to the pessimistic views of unfriendly and unsocial men everywhere. But when a man has learned from rich experience, the incontrovertible fact and

the boundless joys of human friendship, he does not need to accept the opinion of another, even though he be a college professor.

Those of us whose lives have been enriched beyond measure by the friendship of George Warburton, have learned much about what the magic word means. To us it is no vague and shadowy term, ephemeral and fleeting, but a priceless treasure, a manly virtue, a mighty and gripping reality.

When Polonius made his masterful address to his son Laertes, he touched upon about as many items of supreme importance as ever have been compressed into the same space. But vital though his other precepts are, perhaps none of them is more so than

> Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

For friendship is not something that can be neglected for long periods of time, when the friend fully understands that you have abundant opportunity for its nurture. It is rather like a tender and sensitive plant. It needs care and culture, if it is to thrive and grow to something strong and rugged.

Where friends are separated by distance, the only avenue open to them for keeping and developing their friendship is the avenue of correspondence. "But that takes time," objects the "busy" man. Come, come, my friend! Everything that is worth while takes time. Say rather that the matter does not interest you sufficiently to induce you to give the time. Is it not a fact that we invariably find time for the things we really want to do? If to have friends is one of the supreme things of life, we will find a way to do our reasonable share in winning and holding them.

One of the disappointing, yet ludicrous experiences which George Warburton had, in his ministry of friendly correspondence, was when he wrote to men much less busy than himself, in their dark hours, expressing his interest and solicitude, and later received brief typewritten notes to this effect:

"Mr. Blank directs me to say that he appreciates the spirit of your kind letter. If time permitted, I am sure he would have sent you a more personal word.

(Signed) Mary Smith,
Secretary to Mr. Blank."

The graphologists have created considerable amusement, and made quite a bit of money,

through their pseudo-science of reading the character from the handwriting. There is undoubtedly a basis of truth in this interesting diversion. Far more, however, may we read the character from the content of a personal letter. It is not in the loops and shadings of the characters that the trained observer finds the information he wants, but rather in the painstaking care, and the original phrasing, which he either finds or does not find in your missive.

"I simply cannot write a good letter," is the despairing exclamation so often heard. The plea involves a surrender that no one can afford to make, for it embodies a confession, either of a lack of native ability, or a selfish lack of interest.

Of course, a good letter cannot be dashed off at a hundred words a minute. A worth while message to a friend requires care, thought and time, but there are few arts more worthy of being mastered than that of being able, and also willing, to write a good letter.

We who have found the unusual and the charming in the letters of our friend, whether those messages were frequent or occasional, have realized how much of his better self went

into their conception. In this, as in so many things, he aimed as high as he could. The ordinary did not satisfy him. This may explain, in a measure, the remarkably high standard his letters attained, and the warm appreciation that followed their reception.

He would often drop into verse when writing one of his briefer letters to friends. Thus when sending a bunch of trailing arbutus to his friend, Jim Irwin, the following was his letter:

> There is no sweeter flower than this we send
> With kind remembrance to our absent friend.
> It is God's poem of the welcome Spring,
> Of budding trees and mating birds that sing.
> Its petals are pure as drifted snow,
> Its fragrance is sweet as honey dew,
> The bees drink nectar from its cup, and so
> We send this bunch of sweetness on to you.

Beauty bursts from his message of summer to his lifelong friend, Frank Pearsall, as he writes from "Under the Cedars," in an effort (which was successful) to lure his friend up to Canada for a visit.

> Joy of it, June comes to-morrow! The birds all know it, and how glad they are. Behind my home the veery is singing among the trees. The wood pewee sends out his

sweet little call to his mate. The wood thrush makes the dark pines vocal. The tiny buds on the oaks and maples have opened into an ample covering of tender green. My one wild apple is in bloom. Along the edge of the border the lilaes, white and purple, pour out their fragrance. The ferns are open in the shadowy places. The rose bushes are full in glorious promise. My spirea hedge is all snow-covered, as the winter still lingers, and the morning air is fresh and cool. My heart sings, too, in spite of a bit of trembling, for my nerves have been a jumping lately. But I am filled with eager desire, like a lover who waits for his Maud at the gate of the garden. I desire my friends with a great desire. And it will be June to-morrow, and the days and nights will soon bring us to its middle, and then!

The little wood mice peep out from under the logs and the field mice have taken enough of my blankets for their beds or their nests for their tiny young. And the evenings are cool enough for a log fire, and I have plenty of maple. We will hang the kettle on the crane and set it singing too, lest there be any lack of harmony. If you like we will bury the potatoes in the ashes and fry the bacon and eggs over the open fire. The coffee always tastes better when made that way. Rich cream, and plenty of it, will menace our digestion. My little motor boat will carry us to the shoals where the big bass will then be feeding.

It was quite his habit to remember a considerable number of his friends on special days of the year. Here is a choice bit that consti-

tuted his Easter greeting to his friend Henry van Dyke.

Let us sing together the song of victory which we should not have learned but for Joseph's empty tomb—victory over the last enemy! And we will sing it in a garden too, where birds sing and flowers are fragrant, and where nature answers to the touch of the sun as our souls do to the new evidence of Almighty Love. Spring is walking among the pines, the maples, the beeches, and the birches behind my home, and I go out to watch her o' mornings when the rime covers the budding trees and sparkles on the bushes. It is wonderful to walk in God's garden in the cool of the day and I am sure that I can hear in the quiet places of my spirit His voice saying: "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end."

So let us sing together, my friend, for with us it is spring isn't it? And who shall say that grandpas cannot sing, even if they may only "make melody in their heart unto the Lord"! I know that May is coming, and I know for what it was made, being told by a Master, and this makes it easier to burst into grateful song.

The fact that his friend of years, W. J. Fripp, was General Manager of one of America's greatest railroads lent zest to the humor in his opening paragraph in the letter that follows:

Dear Will:

I don't want a pass, a job, a meal, a recommendation or even an interview. I am on no committee, represent

nobody but myself, and won't blame you if you throw this screed away—it's nothing but a friendly letter. I write it to let you know that you are in my mind and on my heart.

You know I don't think managing, or even owning a railroad the biggest thing in life. To me Friendship is much more worth while (not that they need to conflict) and the real values are those that are stored up in the Soul, "Where moth and rust do not corrupt and thieves do not break through and steal," and the best of it is that you can use up your capital and still possess it, give it away and still retain it, spend it upon others, pouring it forth, as Mary did the ointment on the Master's feet, and when you have done you will be as rich as ever, and the room filled with fragrant odors.

Do you ever get discouraged? I do often. The enclosed lines have helped some people. They are quite Presbyterian in their suggestions and may take you back to the banner days. If they do they will not hurt you.

Affectionately,
G. A. Warburton.

From a letter to his choice friend and fellow angler, Albert A. Hyde, this excerpt is quoted, as an illustration of the way he put "first things first:

My dear friend:

One never knows where his words will go when he releases them. How important it is that none of them should be "idle words"!

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to the earth, I knew not where."

Now you, of all men, are kind enough to say that my little word to John Manley had cheered you up a bit. Thank you with all my heart for writing me.

Yes, I remember that August day when the fly fisherman was "high line" and the devotees of the "garden hackle" were put to shame. It was really a memorable day, in some respects one of the best of my angling experiences. How I should like to join you again!

I might come to Estes Park but I am not a teacher, and my informal talks on Friendship, writing friendly letters, and the love of books and nature seem to have but slight practical value.

I am out of touch with things—budgets and how to raise 'em; buildings and how to build 'em; booms and how to boom 'em; theology and how to fight about it; councils and how to manage 'em; and even organizations and how to make 'em function.

To my present notion these are not half as important as love, kindliness, friendship, sympathy and understanding, all of which spring from the enriched and happy soul. These, thank God, I have in some measure. Yet, how often I hear Him say, "O fools and slow of heart"!

I long to be truly wise, to be alive to beauty, goodness and virtue, and to respond always to that inner voice with which God speaks to the soul, and it is in this realm of life that I live now. It has taken me years to learn the secret of abiding joy. It has taken far longer to gain

any mastery over myself so that this responsiveness has become a habit.

I write letters according to impulse, and I try never to send one that does not give some utterance to the spiritual things of which I now write to you. I have one correspondent, a railway manager, who opens his heart to me fully; another is P. E. Crowley of the New York Central, one of my dearest friends. Some days I get letters from all parts of the world.

How I wish our fellows would learn, and never forget, that love and love only is the atmosphere in which God lives and works. You can see that I am a mystic.

I always rejoice at the mention of your name, and envy you only your wealth of soul. Money does not impress me much, except where it is consecrated, then it is packed with dynamic force.

Well, good friend, God bless you! Keep on with the fishing. The Master loved our kind, and knew where the fish were on that bright morning after the fruitless night. He will always know where to find the best for those who are his disciples, and some morning we shall see Him on the shores of a tideless sea.

Out of a correspondence that never missed a week in twenty years, it is difficult for me to decide upon one letter of surpassing beauty, simply because I am embarrassed by a wealth of material. From a much prized file I select his greeting as I embarked for Bermuda a few years ago.

May the sun shine upon you as you journey south and the cold winds of winter turn away from the course of your vessel. May calm seas be cut by her prow, and the dolphins play in her wake. May the roll of the ocean be gentle and lull you to calm and peaceful sleep. May you meet flocks of song birds on their way to welcome the hesitant Spring and find strengthened faith as you watch the wild fowl on their migration,

"Lone wandering but not lost."

When you reach Bermuda may you revel in fields of white lilies and may your soul be as white and sweet as they. As the bees gather honey may your spirit find that nectar which God provides for those who have good instinct for its discovery. May the beauties of sea and land, and the quiet indolence of a warmer climate prove the right atmosphere for your spiritual improvement; so entering into you that the peace of God may be more abundant and deeper than you have ever known. May the change remind you of the unchanging, and all nature, in sea and shore, and in men, women and little children lead you to deeper and more heartfelt praise to Him who made it all.

I think he never attained greater felicity in one of his friendly letters than he did in his heartening word to John Cook some years ago, when the latter was ill and depressed. Ordered away by his physicians for an indefinite period, he was cheered to receive a beautiful and timely word from his friend, which he de-

scribes as "A veritable burst of sunshine to my own heart in a time of mental and physical distress." Mr. Cook thought so highly of the message that he had it printed in art style, and sent an entire edition of five hundred copies to his friends. Since that time, it has had wide circulation. It is not strange that an hour of illness was flooded with light by such a message as this:

A VACATION WISH.

I hope the song sparrow sings on your rose-bush, and that the cedar waxwing plumes himself and smoothes his drab coat in some tree nearby; that the humming bird buries his head in your trumpet-flower and perches where you can see his ruby throat, and that the scarlet tanager blazes somewhere near, a marvel of color and shapely beauty. I trust that your nostrils are filled with the scent of sweet brier and mountain-mint, that new-mown hay sends up its fragrance for your delectation. I hope also that the garden yields you its best fruits and plenty of herbs for your service, and that you gather blackberries along the stone walls and in the corners of the fences. And with it all that the good God gives you visions of His face with the dawn of the earliest morning, when everything is fresh and still, and calms you into quiet with the coming of every night. Each day may you think of your friends who love you; those here and those there, for places do not change the heart. How good the world is! the sky, the sun, the moon, the in-

numerable stars "singing as they shine," the mountains, the valleys, the brooks running in rocky places, and in the meadows where they are "set in a frame of daisies." Do you remember what quaint old Izaak Walton says: "God has two homes: one in heaven and one in a meek and thankful heart." I am sure I should know one place where I could find Him if I could come where you are.

G. A. WARBURTON.

It would be easy to fill the pages of this entire book with his friendly letters, and the author feels that many of our friend's intimates will be disappointed that it has not been possible to include letters written to them. Some day we may have another book entirely devoted to his friendship letters, and it would be a volume not only worthy to be read, but of careful study and painstaking emulation. I must quote from one letter written a month before his death. It was to an English cousin in Bristol, whom he held in the more affectionate regard.

I am glad that you liked my Christmas card. I hoped that it might lead some people to a broader view, and also I am fond of freedom from conventionalities. One reason for this feeling is my utter failure when I try to be a conformist. Then my lack of social education appears, and I display awkwardness, become self-conscious, and feel that I am guilty of insincere posing,

—which in the heart of me I hate. But you will not care for this self-disclosure—only a hint, after all, of a very deep reality.

I have just finished the letters of a distinguished American Professor of English in Harvard University, a cousin of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and an aristocrat with a family tradition that extended over three centuries. He was a man of very sensitive nature, had a fiery temper, loved luxury, including strong drink, had no use at all for democracy, and looked down on common people, not with bitterness, but with a certain contempt. His feelings were very fine, his English wonderfully simple and pure, but his life lacked utterly a deep religious motive. His outlook has impressed me with the value of the revelation of God as the Heavenly Father—its value in giving that outreach of thought and feeling, as well as of will, which is characteristic of true Christians, and which embraces all men—white, black, rich, poor, learned, cultured, of whatever race or clime, class or condition, within the bonds of human brotherhood. And we can have that view and hold it only as it comes to us in Christ.

It is certainly not to be found in nationalism, nor in any pride of race. What nation ever really held it? From the time of the ancients men have been proud of their blood: "We are Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man." Greek and Roman civilization was full of the same pride. The history of Britain, Germany, France and the United States is poisoned with the same sense of superiority, either as nations or as classes within the nations.

We break off here, having given the reader a mere sample of a letter, which, however, was only one of thousands that he wrote. Enough is quoted to show the marked difference between his letters and some of the hurried, poverty-stricken epistles which are sometimes sent to friends.

If in these models of personal correspondence we have seen again the great soul of the writer in such a way as both to rebuke and inspire us, the value of his letters will live again through the coming years.

Chapter XII

CONSERVATIONIST

Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.

—*Jesus.*

Strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die.

—*Revelation.*

One of the most highly valued honors of Warburton's life came to him when he was enthusiastically chosen as the President of the Toronto Anglers' Association. Not alone did it furnish him the fellowship of that rugged type of masculinity to which he himself belonged, but it gave him an outlet for certain cherished convictions, which he had long entertained, on the subject of Conservation.

It is a matter of simple mathematics to figure out what will happen if the anglers of any territory, however blest by Nature with favorable fishing conditions, continue to take all they can catch, and put little or nothing back. The remaining fish, of course, will do their best to propagate their species, but their can-

nibalistic natures, and the ravages of predatory birds, animals and reptiles cause an annual loss of fry and fingerlings that is enormous.

The situation cannot be laughed off with any indolent talk about "inexhaustible resources," for the sportsmen of North America have had too many startling examples of the despoilment already wrought among wild life, and of the famine that follows inaction. Instances could be cited of regions where the fishing should be excellent, but where the ceaseless process of taking everything, and putting back nothing, has depleted the streams and ponds, leaving barely a trace of conditions as they once were.

When Warburton took hold of the Presidency of the Anglers' Association, he did so with that boundless enthusiasm that was such an inherent part of him. He and his associates caused a survey of the Dominion of Canada to be made, the results of which were nothing less than startling. Blessed with the greatest natural resources on the North American continent, with lakes and streams already inhabited by beautiful trout of practically every known variety, it was nevertheless discovered that, as the business term has it, "Everything

was going out and nothing coming in." The planting of trout was relatively negligible, while an increasing number were being taken from the lakes and streams every season.

It was to the correction of this situation that Warburton and his associates addressed themselves. They attacked the matter with great vigor, getting into active touch with the authorities of the Dominion, as well as with other Anglers' Associations, for the furtherance of a program of enlightenment and education, having for its object the awakening of all sportsmen to the seriousness of the situation. Interest spread like wild-fire. The various associations held joint meetings, and the members were enlisted in a campaign to "talk up" the matter of conservation, as well as to take vigorous action as individuals. Let his friend, Gregory Clark, of the *Toronto Star* tell the story:

"The closing four years of 'G.A.'s' life brought him into contact with thousands of Canadians of a group which, for the most part, had little knowledge of him beyond that he was one of those fighters, far out on the fringe, whose name was linked with phenomenal growth of the YMCA, with practical social

service on a large scale and latterly with prohibition.

"On the evening of March 27, 1925, when he attended a meeting of anglers in the Central Y in Toronto, George Warburton certainly had no presentiment of the new rôle he was about to play, of the joy he was to experience, or of the fresh contact with a body of thousands of new lives he was destined to influence in as wholesome a fashion as he had ever achieved. He had 'retired.' His life was rounded out. He expected, at that time, to lend his aid to general causes as organizer, speaker, raiser of funds, at all of which he was an acknowledged genius. Having wrought mightily in the garden, he would now sit in its midst to tend its blossoming.

"But on that March evening in 1925, he was one of fifty-two men who assembled in the Central Y in response to press notices for organizing an anglers' association for the purpose of conserving the game fish resources of Ontario. The meeting was held in the Central Y for the reason that 'G.A.' was one of the original half dozen who started the scheme. And he came to the gathering with his old friend Walter Davidson.

"Originals who attended that meeting remember his ruddy face, his eyes gleaming as he looked speculatively over that small assembly which included young men and old, rich men and mechanics, professors and storekeepers. He listened to their words as they rose and spoke of the depletion of the wild life of Canada. And before the meeting was ended, he knew that here was just another legion of seeking, yearning mankind to whom he could lend his genius. For his fishing chum and partner in many young people's enterprises, Walter Davidson, was elected president of the newly formed anglers' association and George Warburton was first vice president.

"Of course, love of the natural world and fishing were always part and parcel of the nature of George Warburton. Throughout his life, angling was his chief recreation and a trip to the wilds or a walk in the country were his greatest sources of inspiration—as his speeches, his selection of books, his choice of friends showed year after year. But in his strenuous life, the natural world had been a sanctuary to which he could return. Now he determined that the sanctuary was in danger of violation.

"Within six months of that original gather-

"He Shall Drink of the Brook by the Way."

ing in the Central Y, the little anglers' association had grown so suddenly and so greatly that it had to move its monthly meetings to large downtown quarters. Walter Davidson and George Warburton, both in their sixties, stormed the heights and rolled the membership beyond the belief of younger members of the association. In two years, it had 2,500 active members and the regular meetings, now in the large Foresters' Hall in Toronto, were from 500 to 700 strong.

"With this sort of enthusiasm for wild life, George Warburton realized that important work could be done. And he turned his mind to the scientific and practical aspects of conservation. All over America he had friends of many sorts, from wilderness guides to financiers, and these he got in touch with to help inform him of the methods by which the onslaught of sporting man had been met in different parts of the continent. He began making trips to different states—many of them in his small coupé which he drove with the courage and heigh-ho of a twenty-year old. He collected a vast heap of reports and books on conservation of wild life, fish culture, biological surveys and the like. He studied them, made

speeches on them, roused and interested younger men in the association in the prime motive that lay back of the anglers' association. He led deputations to the Ontario Parliament Buildings and addressed committees of the legislature and paid confidential and tremendously important visits to ministers and premiers—who knew him, indeed, from the old prohibition fights. He won and sustained the interest of University biologists in the association and presently devised a scholarship which would be paid by the anglers to the University for the summer study of some problems affecting game fish.

"For when 'G.A.' turned his heart to conservation, Ontario was in a perilous state. There was no unit of conservation whatever in the province. The tourist tide was just reaching its flood. Hundreds of miles of fresh concrete highway were being thrust into the wilderness every year. And those resources of game fish and wild life which are always deemed inexhaustible up to the very point where they become exhausted, were making a pathetic last stand.

"George Warburton launched his attack, characteristically, from all sides at once. He

appealed to the horse sense of the now very large association of anglers. He asked them what percentage of the hundred million dollars that the tourists left in Ontario annually was spent on conserving the natural asset that attracted the tourist here? And then he withered them with the answer—a fraction of one per-cent! He spoke like a poet of our little brothers in life whose voices he could hear, and could we too not hear them? He led missionary parties out to neighboring cities and towns of Ontario, speech-making, motion-picture-showing, launching local associations.

"And in 1927, with a now thoroughly alarmed association back of him, an association that could definitely look forward to a day when the wild life of Ontario would be only a memory, 'G.A.' announced that in order to bring about the political force necessary to move the government to action, a provincial federation of anglers would have to be formed. And looking rosier and younger than ever, he said he would be glad to 'handle it.'

"Handle it he did. Thirty-eight separate cities and towns of Ontario, as the result of visits, meetings, and intensive publicity inspired by George Warburton, assembled in

Toronto during the winter session of the Ontario legislature early in 1928 and at this convention, the Ontario Federation of Anglers was formed. The legislators of the province, who looked upon game fish and wild life as the hobbies of cranks, were distressed to discover some of the most potent names in public life linked with the federation. George Warburton had an uncanny gift of bringing together the type of men who could be fanatical if necessary, who had curious gleams in their eyes, and who were, as in this instance at the founding of the angling federation, such men as colonels from little cities, a priest from away up in the north country, newspaper owners and small-town humorists who play politics for the good of nobody in politics. It was a great meeting, a sincere and good humored meeting. George Warburton was unanimously elected first president of the federation.

"The federation called upon the government to take immediate steps to launch a survey, by competent people, of the wild life of the province, particularly the game fish, with a view to determining how near to extermination this priceless asset already was and by what means it might be conserved.

"Within a few days, the government announced that such a survey would at once be undertaken. And they asked George Warburton to be the lay member of the commission.

"But 'G.A.' retorted that he would rather have the privilege of nominating a man for that post, and the committee was then framed to the complete satisfaction of the federation. Thus was the foundation laid, in a few months of strenuous and highly intelligent organizing, for a conservation enterprise that has taken a definite place in the government and economy of the great province of Ontario.

"After two years of wonderful leadership, Walter Davidson handed over the presidency of the Toronto association to George Warburton, who was president of the local body when elected president of the federation. He was up to his very ears in federation work when, on the eve of spring, with daffodils from countless friends banked about him, 'G.A.' passed out.

"But his job had been accomplished. Public opinion as a whole had been roused, informed and organized. Probably in comparison to the life-work of human salvation, this parting labor of George Warburton's was of little consequence. But for one thing, the work gave him

an intense joy. From May to October, his last years were filled with fishing, with expeditions with gangs of men to streams and lakes, with the infinite delights of angling and of tackle and of that strange masonic and almost psychic intimacy that grows between fly fishers. He came into contact with types of men he had never been free to meet before, men who do not respond to such normal approaches as those employed by 'G.A.' in his greater work. There is no way of telling how great his influence was on these men. For of course, he was always the inimitable 'G.A.' with them, the uplifter, the straight-shooting Christian, the evangelist in business clothes. All manner of hard-boiled men, shy men, diffident and wayward men not easily won by routine approach, but all softened in their affection or affinity for the natural world, were laid open, to the number of many thousands, to the invading personality of this beloved fighter, George Warburton. And none of them got away from his spell unscathed.

"It was said by some thousands of Canadian sportsmen when 'G.A.' died that the world was a poorer place now. Yes. But there are thousands who can see, as they look at one an-

other, in a word, an act or a sentiment, little bits of George Warburton that have not died but live in many other men and have been added to that infinite quality of life which makes monuments and histories pathetic."

Those of us who came in contact with our friend after his espousal of this new interest, felt the thrill of his enthusiasm. No angler could meet him in those days without being buttonholed on the subject of replenishing the North American streams and forests with fish and game. He was not the kind who "lent his name" to an enterprise and then withheld his effort. And never have I seen his contagious enthusiasm more thoroughly aroused than in his new capacity as President of his interesting organization.

To the rear of his house, which stands in the outskirts of Toronto, there is a beautiful bit of forest, and here he had a convenient little sylvan retreat, with a place for a camp fire in the center of it. It was to this spot that he loved to take his friends on pleasant days for a quiet chat, and here it was that he called the meetings of the Executive Committee of the Anglers' Association, where they could "boil the

kettle" and have all the atmosphere of the woods, while planning their aggressive program of reestablishing forest life on something like its natural basis. How well I recall sitting with him in this loved spot on a drowsy autumn afternoon, and hearing him tell, with boyish exuberance, of the plans the Committee had made at its last meeting, and of how everybody had enjoyed the simple woods lunch which he had served.

Listening to him, one could not wonder that his influence had so taken hold of his fellow members. In this workaday world, the ordinary run of mankind gets so set to the treadmill that the song of birds and the purling of brooks drop into the category of unheeded things. A rude bard, whose identity is unknown to the author, stated it roughly, but truly, when he said:

"If you hold your nose to the grindstone rough,
And you keep it down there long enough,
In time you will say there is no such thing
As brooks that murmur, or birds that sing.
These three things will your world compose,
Just you, the stone, and your darned old nose."

And when the music of the spheres is no longer wafted to us on the mellow air of sum-

mer, we have suffered inestimable loss. The lament of the great scientist, who, speaking of the atrophy of his finer senses, remarked, "I seem like one who has become color blind," should be a warning to every man who has been fortunate enough to be born with a love of the out of doors, to keep alive that passion as one of God's choicest gifts to him. This can only be done by keeping the heart open to Mother Nature, and identifying ourselves with her great interests.

The problem of conservation is an exceedingly simple one. The nurture and extension of wild life must be attacked in the same intelligent fashion that we undertake the solution of a shortage problem in any other phase of our national life. The first thing to do is to awaken sportsmen to the actual conditions. Just as a mining company might measure up and estimate its remaining ore, must those who are interested in the subject get an approximate estimate of their wild life resources, of the rate at which depletion is going on, and of the volume of concerted effort needed to turn the tide in the opposite direction.

The State of Maine, which not long ago was one of the most remarkable playgrounds for

the sportsmen of the North American continent, furnishes a sufficient warning of what happens even to the most remarkable of wild life regions when the conservation policy is lacking in effectiveness. Maine is far from a wealthy state, and the money she has had to devote to conservation has been altogether insufficient. The general complaint is made that trout and salmon fry and fingerlings are exceedingly difficult to obtain, and that the inevitable result is being seen in a steady decline of the quality of the fishing. The State has a good warden system, and the policy of closing certain lakes and streams for a term of years is one method used to fight the decline. This is good as far as it goes, but a much more effective method would be an aggressive policy of hatching and restocking under state auspices.

A few states are conducting their conservation departments with commendable efficiency, but the vast majority of them are merely scratching the surface. The Dominion of Canada, as has already been noted, has not kept up with the procession in any adequate way. The sportsmen themselves, both in the States and in the Dominion, must get behind this

work as they have never done before, if our wild life is to be at all adequately conserved.

The trouble is that the sportsmen, as a rule, never give the matter a thought. Probably ninety per cent of those who fish and hunt never bother their heads with the conservation problem. It is altogether likely that five of the remaining ten per cent, when they think of conservation at all, dismiss the subject from their minds as soon as possible, indulging the lazy hope that those who are more interested will see to keeping the streams and forests properly replenished.

The writer belongs to a Sportmen's Association which declares itself to be almost militant on the subject of restoring wild life. This Association has a membership of around twenty-five hundred, but in the "honor list," which includes those who actually do a certain amount of restocking each year, there are not more than twenty-five. In other words, one in one hundred of this supposedly militant organization actually presses his claim upon a Conservation Department that is always ready to cooperate, and then he gives perhaps half a day once a year to the pleasant work of planting five thousand to ten thousand fingerlings. How

shall we awaken the remaining members to their duty? How shall we stir up those thousands of men who fish and hunt, but do not even belong to a sportsmen's organization, to throw the weight of their influence toward the solution of this problem?

Never have I seen my friend more stirred than when he first faced the actual conditions in the Dominion. Innocently enough, he had been, for the greater part of his life, among those anglers who had not thought much about conservation. Some of the members of our old Maine woods party had been doing their bit steadily, over a long term of years, but Warburton, until the last five years of his life, had not become actively interested in this line of effort. If ever a man tried to "redeem the time," he certainly did. Once committed to the idea of upbuilding the resources of his country, he addressed himself to the task with splendid energy, and was in the way of great accomplishment when he came to the journey's end.

It was his dream that he might live to see the day when the universal motto would be "Every Sportsman a Conservationist." There is nothing unreasonable about such a slogan. When a half day's honest work of planting fin-

gerlings will give us the satisfaction of knowing that we have more than made up for the fish we will take from the stream in any given year, there is very little excuse for indolence or inaction. When a two-cent stamp and a few minutes given to filling out a requisition form will be certain to bring you five thousand to ten thousand fingerlings for induction into your favorite stream, what right have you to allow such an opportunity to go by default? Slackerism is not exclusively a military sin. It abounds also in the realm of sportsmanship.

The salutary effect of faithful and persistent restocking is beautifully illustrated in thousands of places familiar to us. What has been done in these places can be repeated in countless localities by the patriotic effort of interested men. We must educate and agitate, propagate and promote, stirring up those who are lethargic, informing those who are uninformed, standing shoulder to shoulder in this great work until our wild life is restored to the conditions that we knew a quarter of a century ago.

This, brother sportsmen, is your work and mine. We cannot shift the responsibility to other shoulders. If we fall down on our part

of the assignment, what right have we to complain about the conditions, or to indulge in vague censure of our respective Conservation Departments?

Many of those who read this book will be of the clan to which our friend belonged, that group of primal beings whose native element is God's great out-of-doors. Cherishing the memory of him whom we respected and loved, what promise could we make that would have been more pleasing to him than the pledge to send in our requisition this very day for such a consignment of young wild life as may represent our paramount interest, and make this date the beginning of our work for conservation? Then if we add to that a pledge that no year shall pass during the span of our lives, when we shall not make at least an equivalent effort in behalf of the common cause, we will be on the way to having a conscience void of offence respecting our duty to the preservation of out door sport in forest and on stream. And in the firm belief that our friend still shares with us in the affairs of our earthly existence, I am fully convinced that, even in the realm of supernal happiness, his joy would be increased by the knowledge of our faithfulness.

Chapter XIII

AMBASSADOR

The noble heart that harbours virtuous thought
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, until it forth has brought
Th' eternal brood of glory excellent.

Edmund Spenser—"The Faery Queen."

When that highly dramatic achievement known as "The Flight of the Lone Eagle" was completed, and the remarkable young man found himself at the courts of strange countries, his President happily sent him the title, "Ambassador Without Portfolio." It was most felicitous. Not only did it embody a handsome and deserved compliment, but it was entirely comprehensive. It precisely described what the country felt was meet and fitting under the circumstances.

When George Warburton, at the age of sixty, laid down his official duties as General Secretary of the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association, he also became an ambassador without portfolio. In St. Paul's

Second Letter to the Corinthians, he pursues a line of argument calculated to lead up to a satisfying definition of the apostolic office, and he finally arrives at it in these words:

"Now then, we are ambassadors for Christ; as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

This was the ambassadorship into which our friend entered unofficially and voluntarily. He determined to give what remained of life to the high office which Paul describes.

Oliver Goldsmith, in his beautifully reminiscent poem, "The Deserted Village," gives a description of the rural messenger who held the pulpit there, which is particularly appealing.

It happily portrays the varied methods employed by Warburton when he set himself apart for his final work. This is it:

> And as the bird each fond endearment tries,
> To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.

Sometimes it was a sacred little word tactfully tucked in at the end of a letter. Again, it would be a deliberately planned personal in-

terview, but, to a wider extent than either, it was in impassioned public addresses, direct and dynamic, that he set forth in glowing terms the charms of the Saviour, and summoned men in the most challenging fashion to the Christian life.

No sooner was it known that he was available for such work than calls for his services multiplied to a point far beyond his ability to respond. Had he been possessed of his full strength and vigor, he could not possibly have crowded into a workable schedule the invitations that came to him. But he had reached a stage where his physicians solemnly laid upon him the necessity for extreme care and caution. Warnings had come to him out of his own experience that he must prudently husband his physical resources and avoid going beyond the danger point.

This was one of the greatest disappointments that could have come to him, for he was aglow with the prospect of a new freedom that would be marked by unprecedented achievement. His adventurous spirit was unchecked, and his creative power was at its height, but when he ventured too far, he could feel the grinding of the brakes, as his physical

limitations admonished him, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further."

Those with whom he was obliged to cancel dates in this inspiring period of his life, may not have altogether understood the limitations under which he labored. The spirit was willing, even eager, but the flesh laid a detaining hand upon him on frequent occasions.

Nevertheless, this very period will be remembered as one in which he moved men to their depths. One invitation that filled his soul with rejoicing was the call from his old associates in New York State to be the spiritual messenger of the State Convention which was held in New York. Other speakers were there, from far and near, but, without slight or disparagement, it may be freely said that the Warburton messages were easily the convention feature. The fountains of the great deep were broken up with his first moving address, and, from that time on, the question that one encountered everywhere was—"When does Warburton speak again?" Among his private papers are the most intimate of letters in which prominent laymen and Association officers made grateful acknowledgment of that memorable visit.

He responded to pressing calls from the Association Colleges because he felt that here was a chance to sow the tested seed in the minds of the oncoming generation of Secretaries and Physical Directors. Of his visit to Springfield College, President Doggett writes as follows:

"We at the College valued and loved George Warburton greatly. Many of our faculty knew him personally and he was one of my lifelong friends. It is as if I had lost a star from my Association firmament.

Mr. Warburton's last visit to the College was for two or three days, meeting our students personally and speaking to them in groups on fellowship in service and opportunities for personal growth. I remember he met our literature class and spoke of the inspiration spiritually which he had received from constant companionship with great writers. One of the hymns we sing was written by him. It had been our hope that he could make a visit annually to the College."

In similar vein is the testimony of President Jenkins of the Chicago Y. M. C. A. College, where our friend spent one of the cherished weeks of his life. His fellowship with the stu-

dents renewed his youth and opened up fresh visions of the possibilities of life to him. Let President Jenkins tell his own story.

"Warburton came to us in the autumn of 1927 and for a week we were all greatly stimulated by his presence. He spoke to all the students at the weekly Assembly and told us how he kept in his pocket the New Testament and The Compleat Angler. Both of these books were tiny but The Compleat Angler was positively diminutive. He captured the attention of the students by his good humor, his stories of fishing and his extraordinary exuberance of personality. He went into several classes, particularly those which were discussing problems of the work of the Secretary. He disclaimed, as he always did, any technical knowledge, but the students were impressed by his insight into human nature, his enthusiasm for the purposes of the Association, and they were charmed by his stories of actual experience. He reminded all of the great phrase, "a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." Love for his fellow men and a common-sense view of the work to be done combined to impel attention and to arouse emulation.

"It probably ought to be said that his views were not always of the straightest sect of the orthodox administrators. He could not work in routine lines. The thing to be done mastered him and he went at it in his own inimitable way with little regard for the technical experience of the past. This was a little upsetting but thoroughly interesting and stimulating to thought. Since education in this College is regarded as an upsetting process anyway, his visit was not anything harmful.

"Not only in the Assembly and in the classroom but also in the social groups in the halls and in various places where students gathered Warburton was much sought after and his contacts informally were probably worth more to the men who met him than were his public appearances and his classroom expositions.

"Apparently he thoroughly enjoyed the eight days he spent at Chicago because he referred to it again and again and his own satisfaction in what happened was matched by the sense of uplift which he brought to every member of the College.

"As he brought his inspiring services to a close he gave us the following original poem:"

IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN.

If I were young again,
And the fresh fires of youth
Burned brightly, rivaling the rising sun;
If Day, beginning, summoned me to work,
I would step forth into it with joy,
And with intensity take up my task;
Keep step with Duty, tho' her face were stern;
Sing as I labored, rest a bit at noon,
And then go on again, until the shadows
Crept slowly over distant hills,
And quiet evening, with red western skies, fell,
Canopied by silent stars.
Then I would go to sleep, and then—
Morning, and awakening, and Thee!

A mission which gave him great pleasure was the call of the United States to make a speaking tour in aid of the various philanthropic activities in connection with the war. This campaign was undertaken at the request of Dr. John R. Mott, who felt that Warburton's peculiar gifts and rich experience would be a tremendous help in the crisis through which all the philanthropic endeavor of the country was passing at that time.

Introducing Mr. Warburton to this special work, and to the audiences he was expected to meet, the promoters of the visit issued a pam-

phlet which set forth his qualifications. It briefly recited his notable record of service in the following statement:

"Mr. Warburton has been a leading figure in many patriotic campaigns in Canada. Born in England, he lived in the United States until nine years ago. The following are some of the activities in which Mr. Warburton has been engaged in Canada:

He organized the first Patriotic Fund Campaign in the City of Toronto and in ten other Canadian cities at the outbreak of the war.

He was leader of the Citizens' Committee of One Hundred which brought about Prohibition in the Province of Ontario.

The first drive for the British Red Cross in Toronto was organized by him.

He led the Dominion Prohibition Committee which approached the Dominion Government asking for nation-wide prohibition. This was accomplished by Order-in-Council.

He was the secretary of the Victory Loan Campaign in Toronto in 1917 when $77,000,000 was subscribed.

When the Union Government was returned to power Mr. Warburton was leader of the non-partisan Citizens' Union Committee that helped to win the Victory.

In 1916, Mr. Warburton visited the Young Men's Christian Associations in Japan, Korea, Ceylon and India on behalf of the North American Brotherhood.

He directed the Red Triangle Campaign in Canada which raised for Y.M.C.A. Military Work, $3,500,000.

His Campaigns have included those on behalf of Catholic Huts for soldiers and to provide a training school for the Salvation Army."

Accompanying this truly remarkable statement were some personal appreciations from Canada. Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden said of him,

"He possesses an earnestness, enthusiasm and idealism which should render his work highly successful."

Honorable N. W. Rowell, President of the Privy Council of Canada, wrote:

"Mr. Warburton is one of our outstanding citizens who has rendered great and valuable war service."

The Prime Minister of Ontario, Sir William H. Hearst, paid this tribute:

"A gifted speaker and an indefatigable worker himself, he also possesses in a rare degree the quality of inspiring vigorous effort on the part of his co-workers."

Sir Robert Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, wrote as follows:

"His energy, tactfulness, kindly disposition and cheerfulness are qualities that are needed to deal successfully with such great movements as he is about to engage in."

His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, Neil McNeil, writing him as he was about to leave for the United States, made this statement:

"We Catholics are greatly indebted to you for your active and efficient support of our campaign in Toronto in aid of Catholic Army Huts. . . . In the United States, as in Canada, you will find yourself in cooperation with Catholic workers and societies and I know that there, as well as here, no thought of sectarian advantage will animate you."

Sir Herbert B. Ames, Honorary Secretary of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, paid him this generous tribute:

"I consider him one of the ablest, most devoted and most resourceful organizers that Canada has produced. He has been called upon again and again to inaugurate Patriotic Campaigns and has carried them through with a remarkable degree of success. No better selection could have been made."

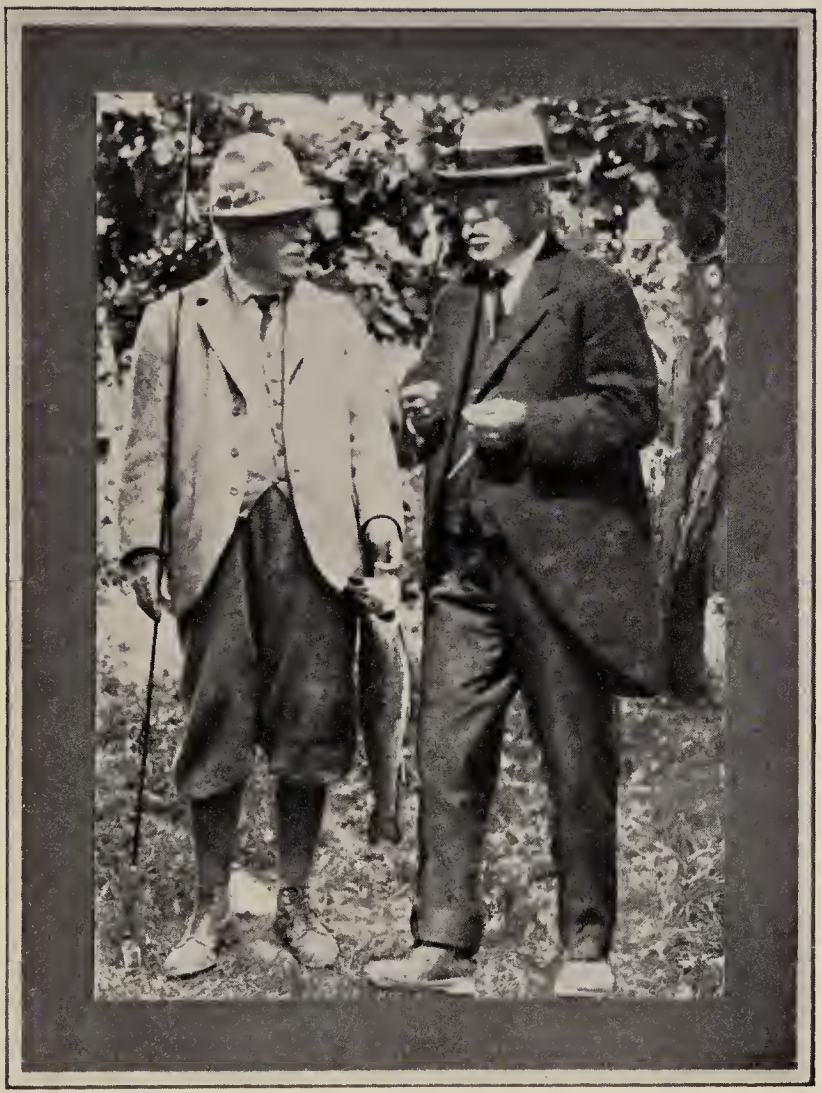
Many other prominent citizens of the Dominion wrote to friends in the United States in heartiest commendation of their unofficial Ambassador. What finer credentials could the imagination conceive for the beginning of a special service which was destined to bear the richest fruitage?

I shall always think of that decade, when

like the Apostle of old, he went wherever he was "pressed in the Spirit" to go, glowing with eagerness as he faced each new opportunity, as being among the most fruitful periods of a tremendously useful life. He enjoyed the freedom from the exactions of a salaried position, not because he had any idea of idling away the time, but because it gave him the coveted opportunity to respond to calls and enter open doors in a way that had previously been impossible because of the heavy responsibilities of his daily calling.

What an ambassador he was! A service rendered purely for the love of it, without money and without price, was gladly given by an apostle who could say as truly as he who said it first, "The love of Christ constraineth us." That simple statement explained not only his zeal, and the necessity which was laid upon him to bear witness to the truth, but it also revealed the motivating force that made his life so dynamic, and so productive of permanent results.

The ambassador must often submerge his own personality in order that he may more fittingly and adequately reflect the personality and purpose of his sovereign. The word "rep-



The Angler Talks With the Churchman.

resent," which is so prominent in the ambassador's vocabulary, affords opportunity for one of those interesting etymological studies which the quaint author of "What Words Say" loved to dwell upon. It is, of course, really "re-present," literally, to stand in the place of some one and do exactly what he would do if he were there under the same circumstances. I think, in all reverence, that it can honestly be said that George Warburton faithfully rendered this service for his Sovereign.

He may have been an ambassador without formal portfolio, but he was not without credentials, and not without authority. His mission was inspirational and wholly constructive. In one of the modern translations Paul speaks of his commission in these words: "Much more abundantly I should boast something concerning *the authority which the Lord gave me for building up, and not for tearing down.*"

This admirably describes the credentials and motive of George Warburton in his lifetime of service as an ambassador of Christ.

Chapter XIV

HOMEWARD

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain-walls
A rolling organ harmony
Swells up and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! The prize is near."

Tennyson.

Elsewhere I have said that the members of our angling party were frequently placed in Mr. Warburton's debt by suggestions that broadened the scope of our reading. He led us in his knowledge of and taste for good books, as he led us in countless other ways. It was he who introduced us to that rare soul, W. C. Prime, author of "Among the Northern Hills," "Along New England Roads," "I Go A-Fishing," and other fine essays of the rugged country of old New England. Prime was the subject of our conversation on many a happy evening around the camp fire.

By common consent, our favorite essay among his many choice ones was entitled "Going Home." The sketch was beautifully whimsical, and had to do with that most delightful of angling experiences, tramping home through the woods in the deep twilight, and chatting along the way with an intimate friend. Let the charming writer say a word for himself:

> Let us go home. The contentment that fills the mind of the angler at the close of his day's sport, is one of the chiefest charms of his life. He is just sufficiently wearied in body to be thoughtful, and the weariness is without nervousness, so that thoughts succeed each other with deliberation and calm and not in haste and confusion. The evening talk after a day of fishing is apt to be memorable. The quiet thinking on the way home is apt to be pleasant, delicious, sometimes even sacred. I am not sure but that many anglers remember with more distinctness and delight their going home after days of sport than the sport itself. Certainly the strongest impressions on my own mind are of the last casts in the twilight, the counting of the day's results on the bank of the river, the homeward walk or ride, and, best of all, the welcome home. For the sportsman's home is where his heart is.

In that favorite sketch, Prime told of sitting down with his friend for a roadside

rest while they waited for the wagon to meet them and, finally, because of an injured ankle, remaining behind while his friend walked on. When his companion returned with Jack and the buckboard, they found him fast asleep by the roadside. The appealing essay closes with a wonderfully tender touch on the subject of the home-going.

"It's pleasant anyhow to be going home. Always pleasant, when the work of the day is all done, when the sunlight of the day is no longer bright, nor the twilight soft and beautiful, when the darkness has settled down and we walk only by the light of the stars.

"And there's no doubt about it, when one looks up yonder through the forest-road, through the tree-tops, through the gloom, and thinks of the far-off home and the waiting welcome—there's no mistake about it, my boy, one can't help wishing he might be sent for with swift horses."

There were many intimations, as the time drew near, that our friend was fully anticipating his eventful journey to the better country. Just what foretokens he had received, we know not, but there is ample evidence that he was looking forward to the transition.

He came to New York for three wonderful days of fellowship in December. Mr. Pearsall joined us, and we withdrew to a quiet spot where interruption was impossible, and there we held sweet converse that not only had to do with memorable experiences of the past, but with many things of mutual interest that concerned the present.

He was the speaker at the Friday night Camp Fire, and his message took an unusual turn. In the midst of it he suddenly said, "Forgive me, boys, if I appear to press these matters too strongly upon you, but I am getting on in life, and I may not be down again. This is why I feel that I must urge the claims of the Saviour on you tonight." A solemn hush fell over the meeting, for we had never heard him talk in just that vein before.

In his public addresses in the next two months, he made similar significant references. Others noticed it, and his friends referred to it as prophetic. It is not unusual for a prospective traveler to be thinking much about his journey, and the country he expects to visit, and, in the light of what transpired, his references to the impending happenings seem perfectly natural.

An event that struck deeply into the feelings of the members of the Toronto Anglers' Association, as they met in Foresters' Hall immediately following the funeral, was the reading of a message, and a characteristic little poem from their late President. He sent his greeting and poem from his room at the hospital on the very day of his death. The letter was addressed to Mr. Jull, his successor in office, and it said, "Please tell the boys for me that my room is full of flowers, and my heart is full of courage. Please read my little poem to them." The lines were in his usually happy mood, and no one who did not know the circumstances, would surmise that they were written on a bed of pain. The poem follows:

THE UNITY OF ANGLERS.

We are the ones who love to go
Where flowers bloom and cool streams flow;
A hearty lot of husky men,
Of various views and habits, when
We leave our homes on pleasure bent,
But unified in one intent
As anglers!

We have our different lures to take
The denizens of stream or lake;

The murdr'ous plug, the dainty fly,
The most seductive bait we try;
Some use the lowly worm, content
To go with hearts on pleasure bent
As anglers!

We are of various ages, too,
Some youthful, beardless; not a few
Have lived beyond man's normal span,
But time has not destroyed, nor can
The zest of life in boy or man
Who angles.

So bless we all our God, who gives
The world in which the angler lives!
With eagerness we wait the day
When we may sally forth to play.
Come with us on the Opening Day
To angle!

Comrade of a hundred woods journeys, who among your friends would even dare to guess along what beautiful streams you may have strolled on that Opening Day to which you were looking forward with such keen delight? As surely as the Indian believed in the forest trails of the future life, the angler will cherish the hope that in the land Elysian, there are exquisite streams where he may "cast the fly and loaf and dream," and if there be such places our friend will know all about them,

and will be able to guide us to them when we arrive.

Ten days before his passing, he was in his usual health, yet clearly under the influence of that feeling which his friends had noticed in him in December. He still dropped those little hints, occasionally, that the great change would not come as a surprise. In an address which he made on February 11th, he said, to a group of his friends, "When you hear I am dead, I want you to know that I died with a cheer." With what striking force those prophetic words came back to his loved ones afterwards!

It happened that every member of his immediate family visited the hospital on the last afternoon, and finding him in excellent spirits, and doing splendidly, said their good-byes, and were preparing to leave. While they were still in the vestibule, his physician sent a hurried message telling them to wait a few minutes. A few seconds later he came out with the information that a sudden turn had come, and summoned the family to the bedside. The loved patient smiled tenderly upon the group and waved his hand. "So passed the strong heroic soul away."

More than eight hundred letters of sympathy and appreciation were received by Mrs. Warburton at the time of her bereavement. The great of earth, as well as the humblest, were represented in that correspondence. The volume of it told much, the personnel told more, but the character of the letters, with their warm expressions of love and gratitude, told most of all. The family of a king or a president might have been proud to receive them.

The press of the Dominion, recognizing that an unusual citizen had moved out of the active life of the Province, treated the event as bearing upon the welfare of the Nation. The papers not only published long and complimentary biographical sketches, but editorial pages were freely used for generous eulogies and for commending his life policies and his high ideals to the youth of the realm.

The funeral was held from his own church, and as befitted such an occasion, was a triumphal event. The vast audience, composed almost entirely of sturdy men who had known and loved him, sang the hymns of the Church with a great masculine resonance that reminded one of the plaudits "around a king returning from his wars."

Occasionally, the rugged frame of some strong man shook for a few moments with deep emotion, but he would as quickly pull himself together and smile through his tears as he realized that this was not really an occasion for mourning. The vast bank of flowers of every hue bore eloquent testimony to the affection in which he was held. One of these bore the inscription, "From the Salvation Army," another "From the Workers in The Catholic Hut," another "From the Toronto Anglers' Association," these being supplemented by hundreds of tributes from admiring friends. The vested choir, an organization of which he was particularly fond, rendered beautiful and appropriate selections.

Three of his friends spoke for him in turn, the minister of his church, Reverend William H. Sedgewick, D.D., General Secretary J. W. Hopkins, of the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association, and Ward W. Adair, his successor in New York.

BY DR. SEDGEWICK

In the Memorials of Sir Edward Burne-Jones there is recorded a remark made by the artist about Browning's funeral. It was far too

sombre to please him. "I would have given something for a banner or two," he says, "and much would I have given if a chorister had come out of the triforium and rent the air with a trumpet." The trumpet, with its note of defiance and triumph, was what Burne-Jones wanted to hear at Browning's funeral. And he was right. That is the instrument, and that is the note with which to mark the death of a Christian man.

That should be the dominant note of this service. Sad and heavy our hearts are and must be at the loss of so much of human worth. Solemn this gathering ought to be, for death is a great mystery. But somber and gloomy, never! There should go sounding through all its length the note of the trumpet.

Such, I believe, would be the wish of our friend who has gone from us. Indeed, I know this would be his wish, for he has left with us some lines, written by himself, to be used at this service. I read them to you now:

> If I pass suddenly, old friend,
> I bid you say to those who mourn:
> "Dry all your tears, he is not dead
> But just asleep.
> The evening shadows were not deep for him.

The western sky was golden as the night came on.
And sunset here is sunrise where he is.
Beyond the boundaries of time and space,
Contracting him by man-made measurements,
He has found freedom now. He bids you praise
The love that from his boyhood guided him,
And tells you that he beckons you
To follow him, and never doubt
The guidance of his Pilot to the very end."

The man who wrote those words was a great Christian, and greatest of all, perhaps, in his simplicity. He had the simple faith of a child—of whom is the Kingdom of Heaven: by that faith he lived, and in that faith he lay down and died.

George A. Warburton will long be remembered for the causes which he served: he was a wise and effective and unwearying servant of the Christian good of Canada and of the world. Of these public services he rendered I do not now speak: I leave this to those who are to follow me. But I venture to say that the best part of this good man's work was not done in the public eye; it was his little nameless acts of kindness and of cheer which will be longest remembered, and the ceasing of which will be the most missed. No man that I

know carried on such a correspondence as he; his letters scattered so spontaneously and so widely brought new courage and new life to a host of men up and down the world. He knew how to speak a word in season to them that were weary and he was speaking that word all the time. One can say of him what was said of Albert, 4th Lord Grey, sometime Governor-General of Canada, by his son—"He lit so many fires in cold rooms."

Our friend numbered among his friends that distinguished American man of letters and minister of Christ's Church, Dr. Henry van Dyke. In one of his essays van Dyke asks this question: "What is property?" and he answers it in this way: "The law says there are two kinds of property, real and personal. But it seems to me that the only real property is that which is truly personal, that which we take into our inner life and make our own forever by understanding and admiration and sympathy and love. . . . We measure success by accumulation. The measure is false. The true measure is appreciation." These words of our friend's friend came into my mind last evening as I sat and thought of him. Measured by the standard of appreciation, George A.

Warburton was a very wealthy man. We have in our city many men who are reckoned wealthy. I doubt if, in the true sense of the words, there was a man among us more wealthy or successful than the man whose memory we honor this day.

St. Paul has an illuminating word in one of his letters. He is talking about spiritual things, and he says this: "The spiritual man is alive to all true values." That sentence holds a fine definition of the spiritual man. It holds an equally fine description of our friend. George A. Warburton was "alive to all true values."

He was alive to the best in literature. No one could spend days and nights with Henry van Dyke without learning to appreciate good books.

He was alive to the wonder and bloom of this world. No one could be the friend of John Burroughs, as he was, without an appreciation of the beauties of nature.

He was alive to the value of clean sport. There was nothing ascetic or monastic about his spirituality. He was at home in all human interests and enjoyments.

He had a keen appreciation of good music.

Never a Sunday but he spoke of the inspiration that came to him through the ministry of sacred song in the sanctuary.

He was alive to the worth of the common fellowships of life. He had a genius for friendship. He made friends easily and he held them tenaciously.

Above all, he was alive to those values which are intangible and imponderable. He was alive to the highest of life's values: he was alive to God.

When our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers worshipped, was burned with fire, Mr. Warburton wrote me a letter, as he did so frequently. He wanted to say something which might put heart into us to face a difficult situation. And he sent me some lines which he had written about the adequacy of God. I learned yesterday that he used these lines in the last public address he made,—an address, fitly enough, delivered to a gathering of men belonging to the Association with which his name is most closely linked. With these lines I shall close these remarks. Their message comes with singular appropriateness to us who feel that we must carry on without a comrade on whom we had come to depend for so much.

When Doubt lays chilly hand
Upon Endeavor,
And holds before our eyes
Some barrier in the mist,
Let us remember,
Spite of gloom, and feeble pulse,
And ghosts of fear pointing dead fingers
At our impotence,
That God is still our Sun and Shield,
To warm and shelter us,
And our Power, to drive us on.
Let us up and at our tasks,
To find again, as men have always found,
His energy omnipotent.
So let us show to men
In these good days,
The adequacy of God.

BY MR. HOPKINS

As we gather today to do honor to one so admired and loved by us all, it has seemed fitting that some reference be made to the important place our dear friend, Mr. Warburton, occupied in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city.

The coming of Mr. Warburton to Toronto nearly twenty years ago marked the inauguration of a new era of development in the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association. For

nearly fifty years this Association had served the boys and young men of Toronto. An urgent need existed for a modern equipment with which to more adequately serve the youth of this community, and it now seems clear that the committee charged with the responsibility of discovering a man to give the required leadership at so critical a period were providentially led in their selection of Mr. Warburton as General Secretary of the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association.

If we believe that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends" then it is not difficult for us now to trace the hand unseen yet unerring at a time when so many vital issues were at stake. The events surrounding the early days of Mr. Warburton's residence in Toronto, the campaign for new buildings and extension, the fine success attending that first memorable year, these all stand out as epoch-marking days in our recollection and in the life of Toronto.

It was in 1911, two years after Mr. Warburton came to Toronto, that I was asked to join the staff of the Toronto Association, and for ten never-to-be-forgotten years we worked side by side. We were strangers at first, but

how soon that strangeness gave place to confidence and there grew up a friendship that has deepened and ripened with the years. When the time came for Mr. Warburton to be relieved of the official duties he had carried with such distinction, he still retained that deep and abiding interest in the work of which he had so long been the inspiration. As a member of the Board of Governors he never lost his interest —nor did he fail to make his contribution to the advancement of the Association whenever an opportunity afforded. I would like to read a paragraph from a letter he wrote me a short time ago:

> I need not tell you or my fellow Board members who are so devoted and diligent that my joy in you is very deep and sincere. I hope to live to see another great step in advance, in order that the Association may keep pace with the growth and needs of this wonderful city. May I also express my personal love for you all—a love which is the outgrowth of years of indulgence and patient kindness on the part of the Board during all the years of my service with them.

I know I shall be pardoned if I today refrain from dwelling at length upon the qualities so outstanding in the life of our friend, and yet it may not be out of place for me to

recall very briefly some of these characteristics by which we shall ever remember him as we relate his life to the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. Three qualities, it seems to me, in a measure sum up the life we honor today.

First, we are reminded of the quality of his leadership. How natural it was for him to gather strong men about him—challenge and inspire them, and send them forth on great adventures for righteousness and for the Kingdom. Under the magic spell of his radiant personality, multitudes of men have caught the "vision splendid" and are today seeking to make that vision a reality.

Again, we think of his Christian dynamic. A deep spiritual motive was dominant from the very center to the circumference of his life. How genuine he was! How he scorned the superficial and the unreal! To him the Christian life was not an empty thing, but rather identity of life, motive and mission with Jesus Christ. To our friend the Master was a living, present reality. Prayer was real to him; he believed in the adequacy of God, and practiced it. This all gave added meaning and power to his leadership. He lived and urged upon youth to live

a life fully surrendered to Christ. Yesterday I came across some lines by Mr. Warburton which I would like to read. How often I have heard him challenge youth in words like these.

Play the man!
With your body, keep it fit
By the highest use of it.
For the service of the soul,
Every part in full control,
Strong for labor, deft to do—
All that is required of you.
Play the man!

Play the man!
With your mental powers free
From all narrow bigotry;
Search the truth that it may bless
All your days with happiness,
Thus may brain and brawn agree,
Make you what you ought to be—
Play the man!

Play the man!
Keep your inmost soul as pure
As your mother's virtue. Sure
If within no evil dwells
There's no power in all the hells
Strong enough to drag you down,
Rob you of your manhood's crown.
Play the man!

Another quality I would mention was his passion for friendship. And what a friend he was! How well he knew the subtle art of living in the secret place of another's affection. There never was a question about his loyalty as a friend. If success had crowned some feeble effort, he was always the first to offer congratulations. If failure, sorrow or loss had come, he was not slow to share the burden and help carry another's cross. Yes, I come today in all earnestness and sincerity to pay my tribute to a true and faithful friend.

What Mr. Warburton was to the Toronto Association he was, in a measure, to the brotherhood at large. He was more than a local figure—he belonged to the nations. It did seem fitting that his last public address should be given before the Canadian National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association, attended by men from nearly every Association across Canada, just two weeks ago. And how he poured out his spirit in that last message—little thinking it would be the last.

And so the Toronto Association pays loving tribute to one who through the years has left the imprint of his personality upon the life of

the Movement not only in this city but throughout Canada, the United States, and throughout the world. Any memorial we may erect in bronze or marble will decay and, in time, crumble into dust—but the true memorial which he himself has builded is imperishable because he has built it into the life and character of the youth of his generation.

> He climbed the steep ascent to heaven
> Through peril, toil and pain.
> O God, to us may grace be given
> To follow in His train.

BY MR. ADAIR

When the news of my friend's passing reached me, I was in Washington, and it was necessary for me to take the first train, in order to be here today at his coronation. And as I rolled northward, my every thought on him and on this great occasion, three lines from "Elaine" were forever recurring. You remember Elaine's insistence, that when she went up the river, in her barge of death,

> Beyond the poplar and far up the flood
> Until she found the palace of the King,

no spokesman should accompany her, for she wished to speak to the King's court only by the letter in her hand.

> There surely I shall speak for mine own self,
> And none of you can speak so well for me,
> And after my long voyage I shall rest.

And I have thought, sir, that though we might speak with the tongues of men and of angels, we should fall far below the lofty eloquence of this life, that rings and resounds through this church today with an impressiveness which no merely human voice could hope to produce.

When a man has slept on the ground with another, with the starlight in their faces, and only the blue canopy for a covering, when they have followed the trackless wilds of the virgin forest together across the space of a quarter of a century, an intimacy develops, the quality of which is known only to those whom Mother Nature has condescended to call her own. When you add to that a correspondence that has involved an exchange of weekly letters for twenty years, with sometimes two or three such exchanges in a week, only you who know the exquisite charm of his letters can understand the poverty of my heart today.

And the stately ships sail on
To their haven under the hill,
But Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

I have been commissioned to represent four organizations here today, the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association, the General Secretaries' Alliance, the Young Men's Christian Association of the City of New York, and the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York, his old Association where he gave twenty-five years of his amazing influence and his consecrated effort. I could impoverish the language, but I would still be unable to bring to you the wealth of love which these organizations send as their final tribute.

If time and the proprieties permitted, I could speak of him as a Christian sportsman, a priceless friend, a charming companion, or a man of God whose Christian leadership was recognized on both sides of the Atlantic and even in the Orient. But justice has already been done in these respects. Let me say my brief word on George Warburton as a master builder. It was my happy lot to be his successor in New York, and there for twenty

years I have been building on his foundations. I cannot say with Paul that I have not built upon the foundations of another, and even he could not have said it if he had ever followed George Warburton.

A young shipbuilder was about to put a slightly worm-eaten piece of timber into the frame of a ship's hull when the old foreman ordered it thrown out. The young man thought he was too particular, but the veteran remarked, "That piece of defective timber might wreck the ship twenty years hence." George Warburton never put a stick of poor timber into either his work or his character. In twenty years his successor has never had to do any tearing down. All we have had to do, by the grace of God, was to grasp the thrown torch and carry on.

A carpenter, to fortune and to fame unknown, died a short time ago in the home city of my dear friend Frank Pearsall, who made the journey with me from New York that together we might lay our small tribute upon the casket of our mutual friend. And because we have both recalled so vividly the way our friend used to recite "The Daffodils" when we were following the streams together, we

have made daffodils our flower today because, somehow, we have felt that he is here with us, and that he understands better than we do, the significance of this occasion.

The minister said a striking thing about the dead carpenter: "He never drove a screw with a hammer," he shouted triumphantly, as he spoke of the integrity of the man. That might have been done, of course, without any flagrant violation of builders' ethics, but the minister knew that his dead friend would have felt that he could not compromise his ideals to do a questionable thing—to take a short cut in order to spare himself. As one who has had full opportunity to see at short range, George Warburton's quarter of a century of work in New York, I can testify that he was a wise master builder in the gold, silver and precious stones of human character, never compromising the builders' ethics, and that his work abides.

Memories of our trips flock up like blackbirds today, but it is perhaps natural that our last one, a trip up Algonquin way, should push itself into the foreground. We stopped at Maynooth where I had to go through the somewhat painful process of getting a fishing li-

cense, and I can hear today the echoes of his hearty laughter as he stood off at a distance and enjoyed the spectacle, which he described as "an American citizen paying tribute to the King." Then on we went, in intimate conversation, and soon we found ourselves discussing the poets. He quoted from his beloved Wordsworth, and something he brought up reminded me of a passage in Whittier's "Snowbound," where the Quaker poet speaks of the loved and lost in his own household. My friend listened intently, for one of his most charming traits was that he was a good listener. "Give me that again," he cried. It is singularly appropriate here today, and if I can control both my memory and my emotions at the same time, I will use it as I bring these exceedingly difficult remarks to a close:

> And yet, dear heart, remembering thee,
> Am I not richer than of old?
> Safe in thy immortality,
> What change can reach the wealth I hold?
> What chance can mar the pearl and gold
> Thy love hath left in trust with me?
>
> And while in life's late afternoon,
> Where cool and long the shadows grow,
> I walk to meet the night, that soon
> Shall shape and shadow overthrow,

I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at hand the angels are,
And, when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

* * *

The warrior's last battlefield may appropriately be his burial place, and this, by common consent, was the determining factor in where his grave should be. His body rests in beautiful Mount Pleasant Cemetery, in Toronto, "until the day break and the shadows flee away."

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